May 21, 1932

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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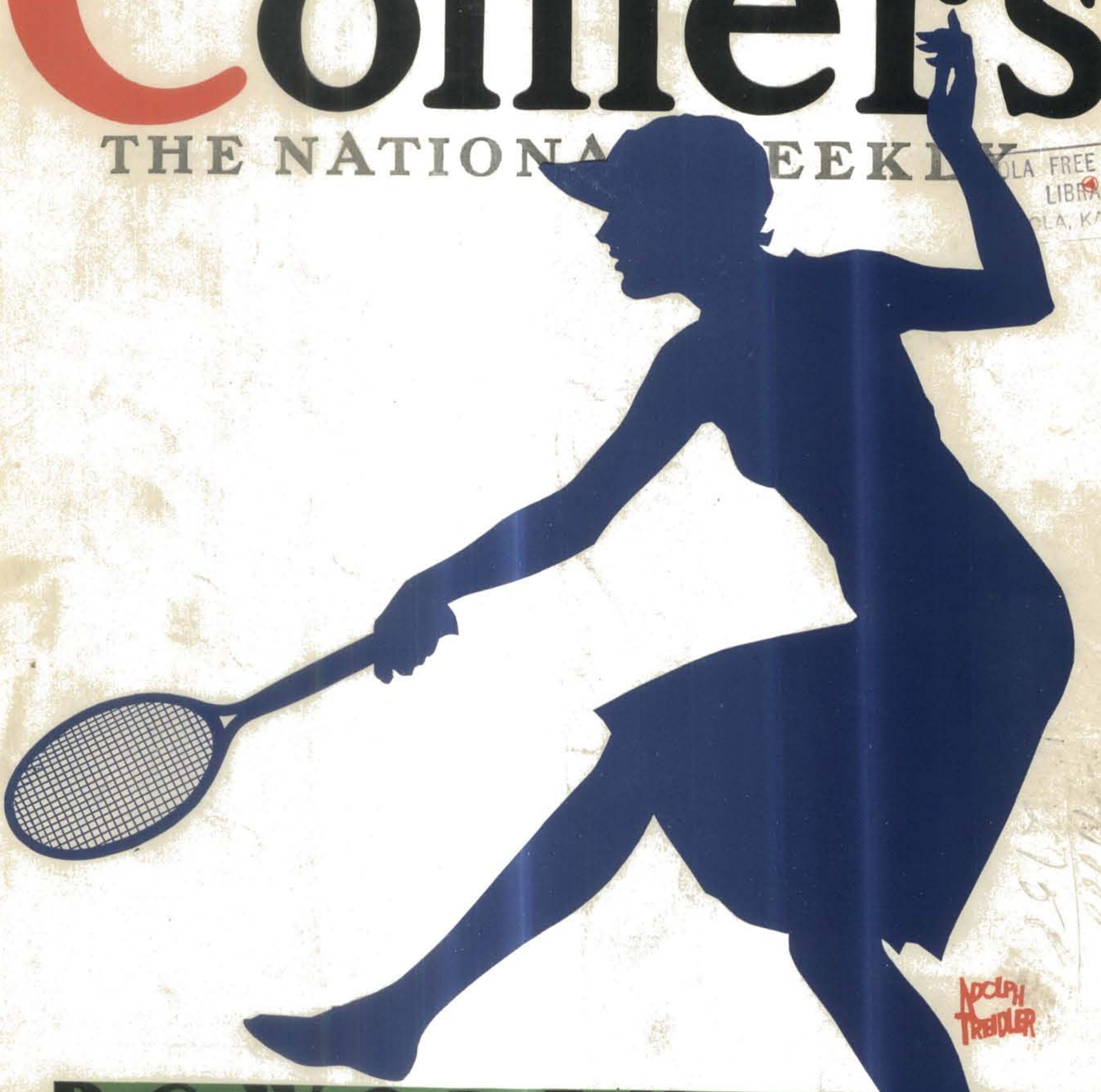

ADOLPH TREIDLER

P. G. WODEHOUSE

begins a hilarious new novel

HOT WATER

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AY 21, 1932

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"FOR IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER . . ."

It's a wise wife who knows when her husband should be a bachelor . . . who understands a man's thorough enjoyment of a stag party, when coats are shed and the need for gallantry with them . . . when men can be men, to talk and laugh as they please.

But the true paragon of wisdom is the wife who prepares, for these occasions, a tasty buffet supper. The fare, of course, must be solid and substantial . . . foods that can be eaten without fuss. And the drinks must be the best . . . for on this score, men *are* fussy. Which means, quite naturally, that Canada Dry—The Champagne of Ginger Ales—should always be among the "good fellows" around the board.

It had better be a case of Canada Dry, too, so there'll be no danger of running short. Two sizes of this fine old ginger ale—the large five-glass bottle and the familiar twelve-ounce one—are now sold in most cities at the new low prices.

Stags want hearty fare

The main attraction is a cold baked ham—clove-studded—crisp with brown-sugar glacé—the savory pink meat just fringed with fat. They'll enjoy carving this themselves—but have the rye bread already thin-sliced, with lots of butter and mustard. Be generous, too, with the potato chips around the platter. And on the side, a whole Edam Cheese ready for scooping, and mixed pickles and pretzels. Have an ample supply of ice, too, and a whole battery of Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

Suggested by René Black,
Manager of Club and Apartment Service, Waldorf-Astoria

CANADA DRY

A NEW LARGE SIZE • A NEW LOW PRICE

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70% OF YOUR INVESTMENT

in any modern refrigerator is in the MECHANISM

LOOK to the mechanism. The mechanical unit of a refrigerator not only determines its life but what is even more important, the dependability of its service.

NATURAL RADIATION

Heat rises. The General Electric's simple mechanism is placed *on top* to take advantage of this law of nature. Heat is drawn up and out of the cabinet and into the *uncovered* coils. Natural radiation dissipates this heat into the air. Only the General Electric employs this simple principle which eliminates the necessity of mechanical cooling devices.

Fifteen years were spent in developing the G-E mechanism. Within the steel walls of the Monitor Top it is guarded against air, dust and moisture—hermetically sealed, like a MAZDA lamp. The G-E requires no attention—not even oiling.

The sturdy cabinet of All-Steel construction is a fitting companion to the famous Monitor Top. Both unit and cabinet of *all* G-E refrigerators are guaranteed.

NEW LOWER PRICES

New lower prices now make the General Electric an even more outstanding value than ever. General Electric Co., Electric Refrigeration Department, Section C5, Hanna Building, 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Join the G-E Circle. A special program for women every week day at noon (except Saturday). On Sunday at 5:30 p.m. a program for the whole family. (E.S.T.) N. B. C. coast to coast network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MARJORY BORDEN had hair that resembled copper shavings, merry brown eyes, lovely hands and an adorable figure. But it wasn't any one of these assets that attracted the attention of Thomas B. Drake. It was the fact that Marjory ran into him in a car and broke his leg.

Having thus won his love, Marjory told him she was engaged and walked out of the hospital, while her glittering-eyed old pirate of a father tried to do Thomas out of his lumber holdings.

With this promising start, Peter B. Kyne has written a sparkling story of love and finance in which Marjory provides "The Last Margin."

—

IN 1894 in Uvalde County, Texas, a young lawyer was running for the office of county judge. His election was hotly opposed by a Miss Etty Rheiner, who maintained that he knew altogether too much about riding, shooting and draw poker to be an ornament to the bench.

Her opposition, however, was powerless in the face of public enthusiasm. Not only was the young lawyer elected, but in the following year he married Miss Rheiner, thus changing her name to Mrs. John Nance Garner.

Since that time opposition has been yielding steadily before Cactus Jack's amiable but energetic attack, and public enthusiasm has been growing wider in scope. Owen P. Young tells you about the career and prospects of his fellow Texan in "Garner on Parade."

—

FOR genial imbecility we refer you to Jake Klinker, the pinch-hitter who gave the Giants the jitters. His girl was chiefly to blame. She was "Sorta Waitin'," as K.S. Crichton explains. The finish will bring you to your feet, spent but cheering.

—

WITH a blare of trumpets and a wail from our calliope we announce "Dressing Up the Big Show," by Phyllis Nelson and Courtney Ryley Cooper. Miss Nelson is dressmaker-in-chief to a thousand men and animals, including a herd of elephants. When you have read her story of the circus you will throw away the word "tinsel" before your next visit to the big top.

WHAT would you do if your fiancée asked you for your best friend as a wedding present? It's a nice question of etiquette. Dana Burnet weighs it in his rollicking short story, "A Present for Patricia."

—

HENRY EXALL, Dr. Ruth Wadsworth, Jerome Barry and others bring you the newest and funniest in stories and articles. Sax Rohmer and P. G. Wodehouse continue to provide alternate chills and laughs. And is there anything more we could do for you?

THIS WEEK

May 21, 1932

Cover—Adolph Treidler

Page 7—P. G. Wodehouse

HOT WATER, Part I: It's the new Wodehouse—brighter, funnier and more glamorous than ever.

Page 10—Courtney Ryley Cooper

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR: An old outlaw meets the modern world—and wins.

Page 12—John T. Flynn

THE TRAP THAT JACK BUILT: The Democratic floor leader gives you an inside picture of Uncle Sam's tariff puzzle.

Page 14—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

THE PRESTWICK NOSE: The girl he loved made him change it.

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THE ALL-AND-ALL WOMAN: Bugaboo Jones sings a weary song.

Page 18—W. B. Courtney

SPANISH GOAL: The colorful and exciting story of San Francisco.

Page 20—Sax Rohmer

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU, Part III: An attack on the Ghost Mosque.

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FIGHTING MAD: When Ty Cobb was a rookie.

Page 28—The Short Short Story

THE HAPPY WORRIER: By Dana Burnet.

Page 38—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Where Work is your friend.

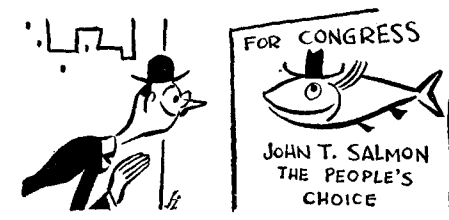
Page 49—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Stranger than fiction.

Page 50—Editorials

Any Week

MR. H. M. HOBBS of Houston, Texas, having inspected Congress, reports his impressions. "Why not," he demands, "elect salmon to represent us? They assemble at a given place, transact their usual business and float back to sea to die, thereby relieving the new generation of anyone to cuss for their misfortunes."



"I DON'T know how many feel like I do," writes Mr. George L. Wassmer of Milwaukee, "but I'm beginning to feel sorry for Mr. Hoover. Even the 'Stop Roosevelt' movement will probably be dumped into his lap."

—

"YOU ought to be down here," cries Mr. Elvin L. Painter of New Orleans. "Two carloads of scientists have arrived with a load of nets, boxes and pencils to make a brand-new study of the habits of the shrimp."

—

A NEWS item from Mr. D. M. Todd of Salt Lake City tells us about Mr. Del Anderson of Delta, Utah, who "has just contracted the shearing of his sheep. The shearers agree to take the wool and let Del pay the balance when he sells his lambs," writes Mr. Todd. "Del, like most sheep men, is still a loyal Republican and thinks under a Democratic administration he would have had to pay the whole bill out of his lamb chops."

—

"ANYWAY," sings Mrs. Ida T. Loerke of Lincoln, Nebraska, "it's spring out here and the good earth is just raring to go and nothing man can do can frustrate old Mother Nature. She is trying to call us back to sanity. One of these days she'll lose her patience and then we'll have something real to worry about. But she's awfully tolerant of the ignorance of her human children. All she asks is that we put our trust in her and look less to financial systems for sustenance."

—

AND Mr. Mark Hartmann of Wheeling, West Virginia, chides us for lamenting the absence of strong public leaders. "There are leaders all right," says Mr. Hartmann, "but a leader has to get put in front of the mob and a man's a fool to get out in front of the mob today and especially turn his back. He knows what will happen to a guy who leads any procession these days. Socko. And that's why the voters are milling around candidates instead of following them. The candidates aren't taking any chances."

—

"DID you hear those 'soak the rich' boys in Washington yell when it was proposed to cut their salaries eleven per cent?" asks Mr. Jim Boland of Natchez, Mississippi.

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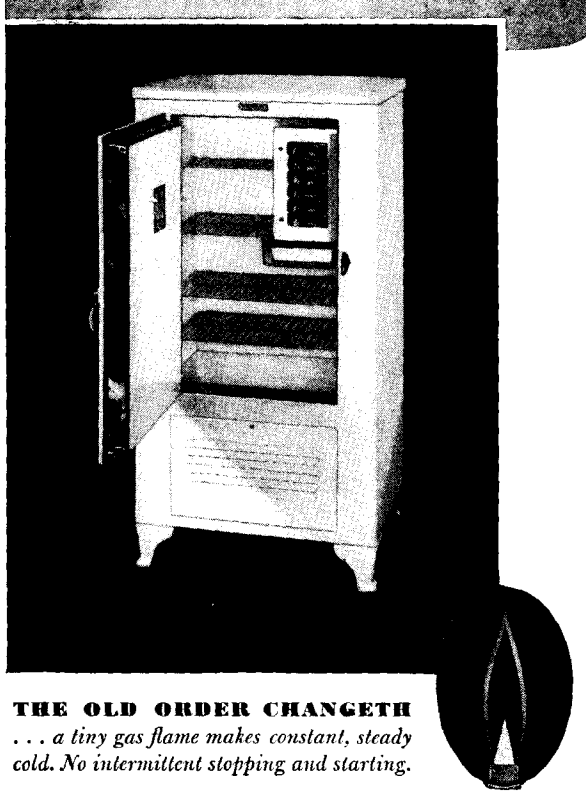
Ostrich-like ... *afraid of* New Ideas



THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH
. . . a tiny gas flame makes constant, steady cold. No intermittent stopping and starting.

IN ONE WAY Electrolux is distinctly a new idea. It is the latest, most advanced thing of its kind.

But in another sense this refrigerator is a veteran. For it has proved itself in actual service for over four years. You will find Electrolux in hundreds of thousands of homes today —all of them enthusiastic about its wonderful exclusive advantages.

All machinery and moving parts are done away with in Electrolux. That's why it is absolutely silent, entirely dependable. That's why the cold is constant, steady—no intermittent stopping and starting. And that's why the operating cost is so low, only about half the cost of buying ice.

Your own gas company or dealer stands back of Electrolux, displays it. See it there, or write for complete information. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 E. 42d St., New York City.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

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A HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT FACT

This year, when people are looking for the wisest investment in automobiles, the motor car buyers of America are giving Oldsmobile *first preference* in that popular price field between $850 and $1100 . . . thus awarding again to this fine car the position of leadership which it held throughout 1930 and 1931.*

•

This fact alone stands as conclusive proof of Oldsmobile's excellence. As such, it should induce anyone considering the purchase of a new motor car, unless it be a car in the lowest or the highest price class, to examine Oldsmobile's many unusual features—to investigate its many outstanding advantages.

*Based on R. L. Polk & Co. official national registration figures for 1930, 1931 . . . and for the first two months of 1932, constituting the complete 1932 sales figures available at the time this advertisement is released.

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Hot Water

Beginning the astounding adventures of Mr. J. Wellington Gedge and other great souls, including some lovely ladies, in a so-called peaceful spot

By P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrated by Floyd Davis

Mr. Gedge stuck them up. He was glad to oblige anyone so big and ugly

THE town of St. Rocque stood near the coast of France. The Château Blissac stood near the town of St. Rocque. J. Wellington Gedge stood near the Château Blissac. He was reading his mail on the terrace outside the drawing-room.

A passer-by, given the choice between looking at Mr. Gedge and at the view beneath him, would have done well to select the latter, for this tubby little man constituted the only blot on an impressive landscape. The château was on a hill, and from its terrace the ground descended sharply through many-colored gardens and shrubberies till it reached the lake. Beyond the lake lay sand dunes, and beyond these glittered the harbor, dotted with boats at anchor.

The town itself was to the left, a straggling huddle of red roofs and white walls in the center of which, raising a golden dome proudly skyward, stood the building which had made the place the popular resort it was—the Casino Municipale. For St. Rocque, once a tiny fishing village, has become in recent years a mecca for those who enjoy watching their money gathered in with rakes by sad-eyed croupiers.

Mr. Gedge, reading his correspondence, did not see the spreading prospect. Nor did he wish to. He was not fond of St. Rocque and this morning it would have seemed less attractive to him than ever, for three of his letters bore California postmarks and their contents had aggravated the fever of his homesickness. Ever since his marriage two years ago and the subsequent exodus to Europe he had been pining wistfully for California. The poet speaks of a man whose heart was in the Highlands, a-chasing of the deer. Mr. Gedge's was in Glendale, California, wandering round among the hot dogs and filling stations.

To him, grieving, there entered a trim and personable young woman whom, after a moment of blinking, he identified as Medway, his wife's maid.

"Moddom would like to see you, sir."

"Eh?" said Mr. Gedge. He had already paid his morning visit to the Big Chief. "Why?"

"I fancy moddom has decided to take the afternoon boat to England today."

Mr. Gedge started.

"What!"

"Yes, sir."

"How long is she going to be gone?"

"I could not say, sir."

It was a point on which Mr. Gedge was anxious to obtain early and authoritative information, for much depended on it. St. Rocque, normally, he found boring, but there is one day in the year when it pulls itself together and gives of its best. This is on the occasion of its founder's birthday, which is piously celebrated by a costume carnival of impressive proportions. The Festival of the Saint was due next week, and until this moment Mr. Gedge had had not even a faint hope of contributing his mite to the revels.

NOW, for the first time, it seemed as if something might be done about it. Without further delay he hurried into the château.

A lover of the old and quaint would have admired the château, dating as it did from the late fourteenth or early fifteenth century. The only feeling it gave Mr. Gedge was that its architect must have been cockeyed. Moldering stone with spiky turrets stuck on all over it was not his idea of a house. And while its interior had been modernized, or what these French called modernized—electric light and two bathrooms—it was not at all what he had been accustomed to in Glendale, California.

He found Mrs. Gedge in the Venetian suite, a large apartment with a heavily carved ceiling which always looked as if it were going to come down and bean you. She was sitting up in bed, dictating letters to Miss Putnam, her social secretary, a thin, colorless featherweight with horn-rimmed spectacles and an air of quiet respectability.

Mrs. Gedge herself would have fought in the light-heavy division. She was a solidly built, handsome woman, a few years younger than her husband, and you could see from a glance at her why he always did what she told him to. Even in repose, her manner was forceful. Of her past life before their marriage, except that she was the widow of a multimillionaire oil man named Brewster, who had left her all his multimillions, Mr. Gedge knew nothing. He sometimes thought she might have been a lion-tamer.

With a slight gesture of her hand she caused Miss Putnam to melt into thin air and raised herself on the pillows.

"WHAT," asked Mr. Gedge, taking the chair vacated by the secretary, "is all this about your going to England? Medway tells me you're sailing on the afternoon boat."

"I have had a letter from my lawyer in London. There has been some trouble about the English income tax, and he says he must see me."

"How about your ticket?"

"Miss Putnam is attending to that. I want you to run down to the drug store and buy me some seasick remedy. You had better get Philipson's Mal-de-Mer-o."

"All right."

There was a pause. Mr. Gedge coughed nonchalantly.

"Going to be gone long?"

"About a week."

"Ah!" said Mr. Gedge.

A purposeful gleam lit up his prominent eyes. There and then he had resolved that he would attend the Festival of the Saint, and not only attend it but attend it right. For if anybody thought that he couldn't lay his hands on a pair of pajama trousers and one of his wife's blouses and wrap a scarf round his head and present a lifelike picture of an Oriental potentate, whoever was of that opinion, felt Mr. Gedge, was mistaken in the last degree.

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"Well," he said, "I guess it's going to be lonesome without you. But I'll make out somehow," he added bravely, for the Glendale Gedges have the right stuff in them.

"You won't be lonesome. Didn't I tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"I have invited some people to stay at the château. They will be arriving the day after tomorrow."

Something of Mr. Gedge's quiet happiness left him. He was not one of those men who enjoy playing the host. A lot of nosey visitors about the place, moreover, might hamper his movements.

"QUITE a small party. Senator Opal and his daughter . . ."

"Old Opal!"

" . . . and the Vicomte de Blissac."

"What!"

"I have never met him, but I believe he is a very charming young man."

Mr. Gedge corrected this view.

"A very charming young wild Indian. Haven't you heard he's celebrated as France's leading souse? Never sober, they tell me."

"I know all about that, and I have given orders that no alcohol is to be served in the château during his visit. His mother's main reason for sending him to us is that she wants him to have a few weeks of complete abstinence."

"Say, what is this joint? A drink-cure institute?"

"I am very glad the vicomte is able to come. There are several things about this house that I wish to discuss with a representative of the family. The vicomtesse gave me to understand that the plumbing was in good repair. It isn't. It's terrible. And there's that leaky cistern upstairs."

"So when he arrives," said Mr. Gedge morosely, "I suppose I meet him on the doorstep and say, 'Come right on in, vicomte. We can't offer you a drink, but step up and take a look at our leaky cistern.' That'll make a big hit with him."

He rumbled wordlessly for a while. Then a sudden and unpleasant idea seemed to strike him.

"What is all this?" he asked suspiciously. "What's the big idea back of it all? Filling up the place with vicomtes and senators—there's something behind it that I don't get. Why the vicomte? How come the senator?"

Mrs. Gedge was silent for a moment. Into her manner there had crept a sort of strained alertness, like that of a leopard crouching for the spring.

"It is all quite simple," she said. "The vicomte's mother has great influence with the French government."

"What of it?"

"Any friend of hers would be welcomed by them."

Mr. Gedge, who had no intention of spending a week-end with the French government, said so.

"And Senator Opal is so powerful in Washington that he can practically dictate appointments."

"What appointments?"

"Well, for instance, the appointment of American ambassador to France."

"Who's going to be ambassador to France?" said Mr. Gedge, mystified.

He could not have asked a more convenient question. It enabled Mrs. Gedge to place the salient facts before him crisply and without further preamble.

"You are," she said.

THE spectacle of a human being in agony is never an agreeable one. It were well, therefore, to linger as briefly as possible over the description of J. Wellington Gedge, as this terse remark crashed into his consciousness, first gaping, then gurgling, then gasping, and then shooting from his chair as if Miss Putnam had left a pin in it. It would be best, also, for the historian to touch but lightly on his utterances, from the first strangled "For crying out loud!" to the final anguished "Be human!"

Of his frenzied circling of the room and the culmination of that circling in noisy collision with a small table laden with glass and china we will say, following out this policy of reserve, absolutely nothing.

It will be enough to hint that he was deeply moved. There are some who crave the honors their country can bestow. Mr. Gedge had never belonged to their ranks. He was not an ambitious man. The thought of being ambassador to France filled him with a sick horror.

If this awful thing went through, it meant that years must pass before he saw California again. And those years would be spent in a city which he had disliked at sight and in the society of just the sort of people who gave him the heeby-jeebies. And a sudden grisly thought came to Mr. Gedge: Didn't ambassadors have to wear uniforms and satin knickerbockers?

"But I don't want to be an ambassador!"

Mrs. Gedge seemed to regard this as a mere animal cry, the wail of some creature of the wilds licking its wounds.

"THERE'S nothing to being an ambassador," she said soothingly. "It's just a matter of money. If you have money and there are important people like the Vicomtesse de Blissac and Senator Opal behind you . . ."

A very faint ray of hope illuminated Mr. Gedge's darkness.

"I suppose you know," he said, "that old Opal hates my insides? We had a fuss over a golf game once and he's never forgotten it."

"I heard about that. But I think you'll find that he will use all his influence in your support."

"Why?"

"I had a letter from him this morning which gave me that impression."

"What did he say?"

"It was not so much what he said. It was the general tone of the letter."

Mr. Gedge looked at his wife sharply. Her face was wearing that disquieting half-smile which always indicated that she had something up her sleeve.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Gedge. "I am going to see him when I get to London tomorrow, and I think you will find that everything will be all right."

"But why in the name of everything infernal do you want me to be an ambassador?"

"I will tell you. When I married you, my late husband's sister Mabel made herself extremely unpleasant. She seemed to consider that a woman who had been Mrs. Wilmot Brewster ought to be satisfied for life. I'm not sure that when Wilmot died she would not have liked me to commit *suttee*."

"Do what?"

You could see at a glance at her why he always did what she told him to. Even

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in repose her manner was forceful

"I was only joking. Commit suicide. When a Hindu dies, his widow burns herself on the grave. They call it *suttee*."

A rather wistful look came into Mr. Gedge's face. It was just his luck, he seemed to be thinking, that an unkind fate had made the late Wilmot Brewster a Californian and not a Hindu.

"So I made up my mind that you should be the next American ambassador to France. I should like to see Mabel's face when she reads the announcement in the papers. A nobody, she called you. Well, the ambassador to France isn't a nobody."

Mr. Gedge heaved himself out of his chair.

"I'll go get that Mal-de-Mer-o," he said.

AT ABOUT the time when Mr. Gedge was starting to toddle down to the drug store, a tough-looking man in one of those tight suits which somehow seem to suggest dubious morals had entered the cocktail bar of the Hôtel des Étrangers.

The Hôtel des Étrangers is not far from the Casino Municipale. In fact, it is so close that a good sprinter can lose his money at the tables, rush over and get some more at the desk and dash back and lose that all in a few minutes. St. Rocque is proud of the Hôtel des Étrangers, and justly. It has all the latest improvements, including a garden for the convenience of guests wishing to commit suicide, a first-class orchestra and cuisine, telephones in the bedrooms, and on the ground floor an up-to-date cocktail bar presided over by Gustave, late of Chez Jimmy, Paris.

The bar at the moment of the tough man's arrival was empty except for a dark, slender, beautifully dressed person of refined and distinguished appearance who was reading the Continental edition of the New York Herald. It was as he lowered the paper for an instant to knock the ash off his cigarette that the tough man uttered the pleased whoop of one who has sighted a familiar face.

"Oily!" he cried.

"Soup!" exclaimed the other.

They shook hands warmly. In their native America they had perhaps been more acquaintances than friends, but there is always enthusiasm when exiles meet in a foreign land.

"Well, you darned old horse-thief!" said the tough man.

In describing his companion thus, he had spoken figuratively. Gordon Carlisle did not steal horses. A specialist in confidence games, he would have considered such behavior low.

"YOU old dog-stealer!" he replied.

This, too, was mere playful imagery. Soup Slattery had never stolen dogs. He was an expert safe-blower.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Slattery.

He sat down at the table. His face, which in repose resembled a slab of granite with suspicious eyes, was softened now by a genial smile.

"What you doing here, Oily?"

"Oh, just looking around."

"Me too."

They turned for a space to converse with the waiter on the subject of beverages. This question settled, the reunion was on again. It was some time since they had met and they had much to discuss.

Old days passed under review. Old names came up for mention. Reminiscences of Plug This and Shorty That were exchanged. Soup Slattery showed Mr. Carlisle the scar on his forearm where a quick-drawing householder of Des Moines, Iowa, had pipped him a couple of years back when he was visiting at his residence. Mr. Carlisle showed Soup Slattery the nasty scar on his left leg where a disappointed investor in Australian gold mines had bitten him. It was only after some half-hour of these confidences that the talk took on a softer and more sentimental note.

"Got the little woman over here with you?" asked Mr. Slattery.

"Little woman?"

"I met some guy, forget who it was, told me you were married to Gum-Shoe Gertie."

Gordon Carlisle had a somewhat melancholy face. At these words, its melancholy deepened.

"No," he said.

"This guy said you were."

"Well, I'm not."

HE SPOKE a little sharply. Then, as if feeling remorse for having snubbed a well-meaning friend, he explained:

"Gertie and I had a fight."

He brooded for a space. Then the urge to pour forth his troubles overcame reserve.

"Just about nothing," he said bitterly. "A trifling misunderstanding. One word led to another, and in the end she hit me over the head with a vase and went out of my life. That was a year ago, and from that day I've not set eyes on her. Women are tough."

"You bet they're tough," agreed Mr. Slattery. "You never know where you are with them. You take me, for instance. Boy, could I write a book! The slickest partner I ever worked with goes and leaves me flat without so much as giving me her telephone number."

"I'm sunk without Gertie."

"I'm sunk without this dame. Julia her name was. She was just the best inside worker a safe-blower ever had. Used to get herself invited to these swell homes, and could get away with it, too, because she had style and class and read books and all. To hear her talk you'd of thought she was in the Social Register."

"Gertie . . ."

"Julia," said Mr. Slattery, manfully holding the floor, "worked with me for years. And then one day—four years ago almost to this very minute—she told me out of a blue sky, as you might say, that she was through. Just like that. No explanations. Just gave me the Bronx cheer and beat it. I've never been the same since. I've gone down and down, as you might say." Mr. Slattery hesitated. "Shall I tell you something, Oily? I even do stick-up work now."

"You do?" said Mr. Carlisle, and though he tried to keep the note of disapproval out of his voice, it crept in.

Mr. Slattery flushed.

"A guy's got to live," he argued.

"Oh, sure," said Mr. Carlisle.

There was a rather constrained silence. When Mr. Slattery spoke again, it was evident that he was anxious to reëstablish himself in his companion's eyes.

"It isn't as if I wouldn't open a pete if I could. There's a big job right here in this town I'd take on tomorrow, if only I'd got a partner to do the inside work."

MR. CARLISLE was interested. He forgot his disapproval.

"Right here in this town?"

"About a mile out. Joint called the Chatty-o Blissac. Some American dame has rented it. I'll bet she's got ice."

"Well, I could do the inside stand," said Mr. Carlisle, on a brighter note. "If it comes to that, why couldn't I do the inside stand?"

"How are you going to get inside? You see," said Mr. Slattery, "that's how it goes. A man's helpless." He drained his glass and rose. "Well, I'll be taking a little stroll. You staying on here?"

"Might as well be here as anywhere," said Mr. Carlisle gloomily. The industrial depression had affected his spirits considerably.

Mr. Slattery passed out into the sunlit street, walking aimlessly toward the harbor. And it was as his wandering feet brought him to a narrow and unfrequented alley that he observed immediately ahead of him a small, tubby man reading a letter.

For a moment, Mr. Slattery hesitated. Then, with a half-sigh, he produced his automatic. The task before him was distasteful, but these were times when every little helped. He walked up to the tubby man.

"Stick 'em up!" he said.

Mr. Gedge stuck them up. He would have been glad to oblige anyone so big and ugly even without the added inducement of an automatic pistol. He was conscious of a sinking sensation akin to that which his wife's eye sometimes induced in him and, mingled with alarm, a tender pang of commiseration for anyone so deluded as to regard holding him up as a step on the road to wealth.

MR. SLATTERY, who had been doing some brisk exploring with his left hand, now appeared to have learned the sickening truth. His whole aspect was that of one suddenly brought face to face with the facts of life.

"Haven't you *any* dough?" he asked querulously.

"Not a cent," sighed Mr. Gedge.

Mr. Slattery grunted unhappily. Mr. Gedge was an opulent-looking little man, and he had hoped for better things. Replacing the pistol in his pocket, he pushed his hat back with a sort of Byronic despair. The movement caused Mr. Gedge to utter an exclamation:

"Say! I've seen you before. Aren't you the fellow who stuck me up one night in Chicago?"

(Continued on page 34)

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An Affair of Honor

There was a day when even a cattle rustler did things with an air. Men of that day would have scorned "modern methods," as Charlie Boss did

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

"Listen, you young bloods," he said quietly, "I knowed cattle critters before you was born. If that butcher says they was tough, he's a liar"

TO CHARLIE BOSS this was quite a surprise. Back in '96, after the sheriffs of five counties had congratulated themselves on his conviction, it was generally believed that Charlie had been removed from the temptation of banditry for life. But now a tall, prideful man with ash-gray hair where once there had been tawniness, drooping mustaches now white, his shoulders slightly stooped as they should be when one has turned sixty-five, he stood waiting while the warden of Rawlins Penitentiary reached for the pardon papers and an envelope containing Charlie's release money. Then the official swung about in his chair; a patch of garden was visible from his window.

"Charlie," he said at last, "my wife was asking me last night what would become of you."

The tongue of the old bandit ran swiftly along his lips. A youthful brilliance had shot into his sharp blue eyes.

"Oh, I reckon I can still set a horse," he said, adding hastily, "sir."

"There have been a lot of changes in the world since you came in here."

"Yes, sir, I know that," said Charlie. "But I've tried to keep up with them, readin' and such. Then, too, bein' able to look out through the bars, sir—watching the mail planes, an' the autos goin' up the Big Hill an' hearin' the radios from town." He smiled imperceptibly. "But I guess there's still an awful lot of open country left in Wyomin'."

"Plenty of that," the warden answered. "And there are still cattle and cow-punchers. Still, Charlie," he pursed his lips, "times have changed just the same—in a way that hasn't much to do with automobiles or radios or airplanes."

"Yes, sir, I reckon so," said Charlie vaguely. The warden again glanced toward the garden. Suddenly he whirled back to his desk.

"Those three young fellows who were released last week," he said, abruptly. "You did a lot of talking with them."

"Well, a convict usually talks when he gets a chance, sir."

"About what, for instance?"

"Oh, this and that."

The warden smiled. He had been here a great many years.

"Speaking of my wife," he reverted. "She seems to think we need some more help out there on the ranch. The woman she's had isn't extra good. She might be able to use your Nellie; a little old, maybe, but she's a fine little woman, Charlie."

"Nellie ain't old, sir," Charlie had bristled. "She might be a little gray—"

"Oh, she could do the work easily enough. And you ought to be a good man with cattle." He smiled again. "Certainly you've had enough experience."

"Thanks, sir."

Charlie Boss stared miserably about him. For thirty-six years he had dreamed of this day, even when he had believed it beyond hope. Every time a cattle drive had come down the big road, with the thud of hoofs and the bawl of steers, he had yearned for it; the sight of a vagrant star through latticed bars had stirred his blood; the whiff of hot wind blowing off faraway sagebrush had turned hours to centuries.

HE SHUFFLED about and cleared his throat. Charlie Boss liked the warden as much as he could like any officer of the law. But this was something that struck at fundamentals, things an officer could not understand. Bandit and son of bandits, Charlie Boss had been born to a hatred of the law, and a certain tolerant contempt for those who lived within its limits. The thrill of the chase was in his blood; to live because of keener wits and a faster horse, a surer and quicker aim, and the greater daring that could send him over a trail which others would fear to follow.

As for Nellie: he thought he knew what Nellie wanted him to do. He had always been Nellie's hero; even when the blood gushed from buckshot wounds, and when she had hid him while posses thundered past her house. He wanted to make all these thirty-six years up to her, as he once had done in the old days: money, luxuries, diamonds. All the jewelry he had given her in the old days was gone now. She had pawned it to stay here in Rawlins and wait for him.

"Thanks, sir," Charlie said again, a bit huskily. "But I'm just a maverick."

The warden quietly passed over the papers and the outmoney.

"It's up to you," he said. Suddenly his eyes narrowed. "Now, there's just one more thing: I'm not dumb. You didn't talk to Sledge Siewitz and those pals of his about the weather. You're an old man, Charlie. You come from a day when there was a certain heroism to a fellow who could stand off a posse or stampede a herd of cattle. Your dad was the toughest old egg who ever died in prison—but in his way he was a gentleman and I admired him. I've admired you too; if I can keep on doing so, that job's waiting for you and Nellie whenever you want to come to it. The world's changed, Charlie. I hope you won't change with it."

Charlie Boss straightened and reached for his papers. That queer, triumphant smile again jerked at the corners of his firm mouth.

"Oh, there ought to be some room left for a maverick," he said. Twenty minutes later, on a half run, he hurried into the little cottage where Nellie had lived ever since the verdict.

"Don't you look sweet!" he exclaimed as he caught her, and held her tight until at last she pulled away and brushed her white hair back from her forehead. "You sure look pretty, Nellie."

"Oh, you!" she pouted. "I'm old now."

"You ain't!" He meant it. A bit plump, perhaps, but he thought it becoming; always used to tell Nellie she was as slim as a willow. "You don't look a day older."

"You don't either, Charlie," she said and raised on tiptoes to kiss him. Then she merely stood off and adored him, forgetting the awkward dressing-out suit, and the air of stiffness it gave him. The sun was at his back; it made a halo about him and threw his great body into flattering silhouette; she had seen him thus nearly forty years ago when they

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

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had first met, in Tom Walsh's gambling joint at Leadville. Nellie had followed him to the faro table, a young, slim, venturesome girl in the wake of a young god—at least in her eyes. She danced with no other man that night, nor ever again.

SHE knew he was a bandit; she did not care; in her eyes he could do no wrong. Faithfully she had followed him and put dreams of another sort of life away from her, as though it were sacrilege. Even now, with the weariness of years, she knew that her joy would be only momentary. He would take to the road again; it was in his blood. Nevertheless, she asked:

"Did the warden say anything to you about his ranch?" She was in the kitchen now, with Charlie lounging in the doorway.

"Yeh, he talked about it. I wouldn't be no good on a ranch." Suddenly he asked, "Nellie! You still got my things?"

She raised, red-faced, from the oven.

"Why—I've got your guns, Charlie. Your boots and things molded years ago."

"My calf-skin vest?"

"A mouse must have got in it, Charlie."

"But you've still got my guns?"

She swallowed and turned away.

"Yes, I've got 'em. I've kept 'em greased and cleaned."

He stroked his mustaches.

"Oh, I can pick up clothes easy enough at a pawn shop." There was a pause. "Mind gettin' me my guns, Nellie?"

At last she returned, with two long-barreled, heavy-calibered revolvers, which sagged in black-brown holsters from a heavy cartridge belt. Charlie reached for them eagerly, only to halt.

"Your eyes hurtin' you?" he queried.

"Some." She handed him the guns. "I bet you never watched those biscuits for me."

Nellie hurried to the stove. Charlie Boss lost himself in the caressing of heavy shooting irons he had never hoped to see again. He buckled on the belt, and practiced drawing the guns with a quick, half-circular movement, but sometimes the synchronization faltered.

"Funny, ain't it?" he asked. "Usin' a gun's like swimmin'; you never forget. I'll be as good as ever in a couple of days."

"The warden seemed awful anxious for us to take that place at his ranch," said Nellie, bending above the stove.

"That!" The old man pulled his attention from the beloved six-guns. "Listen, honey, you and me don't want to work for the law. Besides, I want to do things for you like I used to. I'm throwin' in with some fellows I met in the pen with me. They kind of took to me."

"But things have changed so, Charlie." She had risen now, and walked to the kitchen window, staring out.

"Sure they've changed. It's big money now. Why, honey—" hurriedly he went beside her and put a big arm around her shoulders. "You know how many's the time I used to rustle cattle at three dollars a head. It's big money now—thirty-five and sometimes forty. You wait and see. We'll take trips again, and gamble in them big places back East. You'll have clothes. And diamonds."

NELLIE'S lips quivered. Somehow, of late, she had been thinking that diamonds hadn't done her much good.

"But you're old now, Charlie," she said at last.

"Who's old? Me?" He clawed a gun from his holster and held a bead on a fly on the screen. "You? Say, you're younger 'n' prettier'n ever—wait till I get you dressed up. Why, Nellie!" he exclaimed in amazement. "You don't think them younger fellows'd want me if I wasn't pretty big pumpkins?"

Nellie looked for a moment at her palms. At last she turned, and found a smile.

"You bet they wouldn't, Charlie," she answered.

The next day Charlie Boss, dressed in old-time cow clothes and a pair of second-hand, high-heeled cow-puncher boots with dimmed filagrees on their sides, hid his beloved six-guns deep in his bedding roll, said good-by to Nellie and went away. Two weeks following, he sat beneath a chalk bluff on the North Platte, his guns at his belt, while his big hands straightened a roll of currency that he might add to it the proceeds of a job just completed.

It was late night. A camp fire blazed, flaming driftwood eating at the heart of a fallen cottonwood. An old motor truck, equipped with a high top and heavy canvas side-curtains, stood in the shadows. Two young men sprawled on the grass—Sledge Siewitz and a gangling person known only as Omaha—while near by was Benny Jarvis. He was hatless, revealing slick black hair and a hawkish face. A long case, like a shallow tool-box, stood open beside him. On his knees was a sub-machine gun, which he polished with an oily rag. At last he looked up and, for a moment, watched Charlie Boss as he counted his money. He sneered.

"SAY, Grandpa," he asked, "how long would it have taken you to make that much jack back in them good old days?"

Charlie Boss straightened.

"Well, it'd have took some time. Still, I remember when me'n the Jordon boys held up the Leadville Stage—"

"Yeah, that's the time you got shot," interrupted Sledge, rolling over on his face. He was stocky and of foreign appearance. Once he had been a killer in a Kansas City packing-house. "Ain't no danger in this—with Benny to stand 'em off with that tomcat when anybody butts in. This is a business."

"Well," admitted Charlie, "it's a lot easier'n it used to be."

"Sure it is," said Benny. "There's smarter men in it." Then irascibly: "Listen, ain't I the gunner for this outfit?"

"Yeah," agreed Sledge.

"Then why should old Deadwood Dick keep practicin' with them two old cookstoves of his? Banging away at a mark every day—"

"Nobody around to hear me," snapped Charlie Boss. He had been forced to tell himself several times recently that their epithets were all in good fun. "Besides, a fellow never can tell when he'll need his shootin' irons—I've just been gettin' my draw steadied. Got it too!"

"Sounds like a turkey shoot," said Benny. "Want something to practice with; try this baby."

"I ain't meant for them things," answered Charlie Boss. A queer feeling had gone up his spine, as of horror. Sledge growled and rolled once more to his back.

"Aw, leave him alone, Benny. He thinks he's Buffalo Bill."

"I knowed Buffalo Bill," said Charlie Boss resentfully.

"What of it?" asked Benny, and rubbed the ugly barrel of his machine gun. Then Omaha stirred.

"That must've been about th' same time them steers was borned . . . th'—I mean th' caows you picked out tonight."

Charlie Boss glared.

"Them was three-year-olds; fatter'n butter."

"Oh, yeah? Well, th' butcher I bootlegged 'em to squawked his head off."

"Maybe he wants veal," answered Charlie. "I'll get you what you want."

"That's your job," answered Sledge. "You don't think we'd cut you in on this soft money if we hadn't thought you knew cattle."

Charlie rose.

"Listen, you young bloods," he said quietly, "I knowed cattle critters before you was born. If that butcher says they was tough tonight, he's a liar. So's anybody else. Is them words plain?"

Benny put the machine gun into its case.

"Aw, shut up!" he growled. "Let's hit the hay."

SLEDGE and Omaha agreed. But Charlie Boss remained by the fire. A strange surge of resentment stirred his blood and made him wonder—back in the old days he'd always gotten along with other outlaws. Somehow, there'd been a hitch ever since he'd joined up with these boys—always argument of some sort. He couldn't understand it. Everything they said seemed to anger him and to kill the thrill of freedom, the joy of banditry.

Yet he had no conscious desire to quit. There was nearly three hundred dollars in the roll which he now carried in his

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"We got to get going!" he commanded. "Whether you like it or not. Cattle stealin's somethin' in this state." The others scrambled behind him

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The Trap that Jack Built

What will the Democrats do about the tariff if they come into power next fall? The answer comes from Henry T. Rainey, majority floor leader and tariff expert. If you think that "most-favored nation" is an agreeable social phrase, he's here to disillusion you. The trap we're in and the way to get out are his subjects

By John T. Flynn

Illustrated by Herb Roth

Our "favored nation" treaties

FOR the first time in our history America finds herself on the outside of tariff walls looking in, instead of inside looking out and laughing at the world. The world has risen in arms against us—the Land of Protection—and the weapons with which she is arming are our own: tariffs (plus some of her own forging), quotas, embargoes, controls, licenses and other instruments of offense. We are face to face with a war—a tariff war—and we started it. It has already cost us billions. It will cost us many more billions before we are out of it. It already involves the daily wages of a million men.

"How to get out of it is the almost supreme problem which calls for our attention now. For many decades we have had our inevitable tariff argument every few years. We talked and jabbered and took a few bricks off or, more likely, put a few more bricks on our famous tariff wall. Now the old tariff argument is with us again. But this time it is a brand-new subject. It is no longer just a tariff question. It is a question of the very existence of our foreign trade. The tariff is now merely a part of this subject. As I see it, the matter may be stated briefly thus:

"1. Every important trading nation in the world has built and is strengthening a tariff wall around itself *to keep us out.*

"2. Great Britain is just launching a grand design to organize the world *against us* by creating a vast group of nations with low tariffs for one another and a high tariff wall for us—a world into which we cannot penetrate with our goods.

"3. Our only hope of relief would be in a broad, generous policy of reciprocity. But this is utterly impossible because our high-tariff people, through our State Department, have sewed us up with a series of 45 treaties and agreements which make reciprocity impossible.

"4. Sixteen nations, led by Great Britain, have abandoned the gold standard. This results in lowering our own tariff barriers to these nations, at the same time increasing theirs to us.

"5. As a result of this we will see a determined effort to build still higher our own tariff walls, making relief all the more impossible.

Our Vanishing Foreign Trade

"We are in a tariff trap. High-tariff beneficiaries are already organizing in Washington for still higher tariffs. Low-tariff believers are crying for lower rates. But neither group is thinking about the real problem. The real problem is to get back our foreign trade. What we need now is a plan—a broad, comprehensive plan to save that foreign trade from complete disaster. Our tariff policy will be only part of that plan."

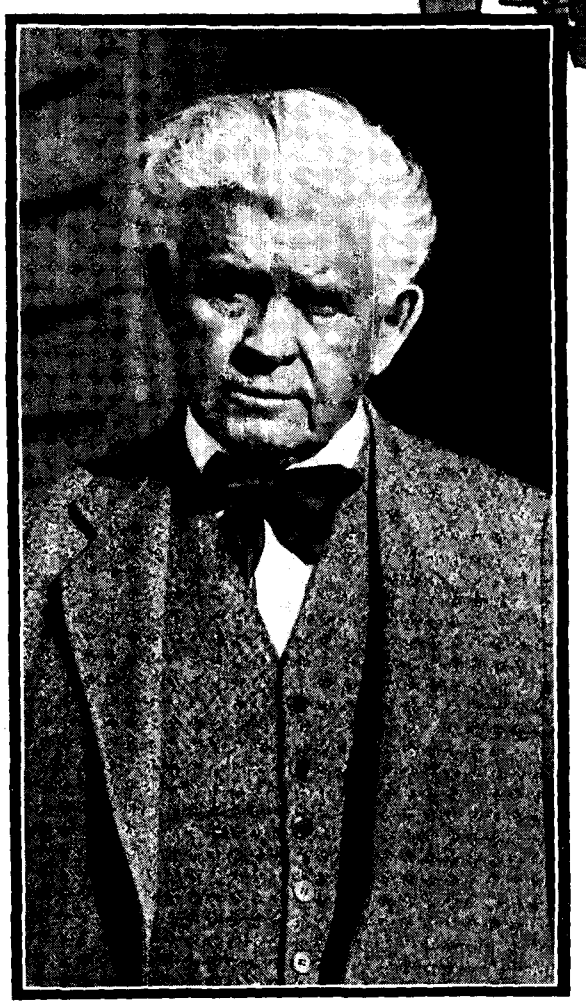
These ominous words came to me from the snowy-locked Democratic leader of the House, Henry T. Rainey. I talked with Rainey because I knew that in business everybody is wondering what the Democrats will do about the tariff if they get into power next fall. Political conventions promulgate promises about the tariff. But the tariff policy of any party is always made in one place—the House of Representatives.

Rainey is not only the Democratic floor leader, but he is the veteran of more tariff battles than any man in the House. He is certainly the leading student of that vexatious subject on his side of Congress. There are members in the House who don't know any more about the tariff than they learn from the walking delegate of their own hometown Chamber of Commerce. They wouldn't know a tariff schedule from a bootlegger's price list. Not Rainey. Rainey works at the tariff. And like the grounds-keeper at the ball park who goes out and helps with the work on his day off, Rainey likes to rest up from his tariff labors by laboring a little more on the tariff. He goes in for tariffs instead of golf or bridge. And when the Democrats come to make a tariff policy Rainey's voice will be powerful.

The Terror of Tariff-Makers

A stranger to Congress might be a little leery of Rainey. In appearance and bearing he has all the marks of one of those old Gladstonian liberals. He has a massive mane of white hair and a distinguished bearing. He is soft-spoken and amiable in manner. He is seventy-one and looks a bit like a sage—the "Sage of Walnut Hall," reporters sometimes call him. This is in allusion to his fine old home at Carrollton in southern Illinois. Walnut Hall is a fine modern dairy farm. But it is also one of those modest estates which a man of moderate means, but with education and taste, can create out of his own devoted interest in it.

It is filled with lovely trees and flowers, a couple of swimming pools, some deer and bits of classic statuary which Rainey has picked up here and there. All this is thrown open to the people and children of his town as a park and picnic grounds where they may feel at home. This again confirms the suggestion of the Victorian liberal—half philosopher and half landed proprietor. But there the resemblance ends. Rainey is far enough advanced in his liberalism to be able to say, for instance: "The trouble with a lot of Democrats is that they don't know Thomas Jefferson is dead." He spent last summer in Russia and he has become the most active exponent in the House of our resuming relations with that country and learning some lessons from what he calls their "intelligent planning."



Henry T. Rainey, one of America's foremost authorities on tariffs

He really started the famous tariff revolt of 1908 which flowered into the Wilson election of 1912. He charged in a famous speech that American manufacturers, protected by a tariff at home, were selling abroad cheaper than they were selling in America. Then he produced an American watch, which he had bought imported from abroad cheaper than its sale price in America, to prove it. Before he got through, like a magician he proceeded to produce forty different watches bought in the same way.

That speech set things in motion. The Democrats circulated 11,000,000 copies of it. After Wilson's election Rainey proposed and forced the passage of the Tariff Commission. Now he is Democratic floor leader. But for a break in his service for one term he would have been the ranking Democrat and in Garner's place for Speaker.

Like Snell, the Republican leader whom he opposes daily, he is a graduate of Amherst. He is not merely a college man, but a man of education who has studied as well as practiced the history and philosophy of government. And as to his mild manner and amiable appearance, in debate he wields a saber and not a poniard. He has been a thorn in the side of the Republicans.

Now he has made a new conception of our tariff problem which will, beyond doubt, have a powerful if not controlling influence on the tariff course

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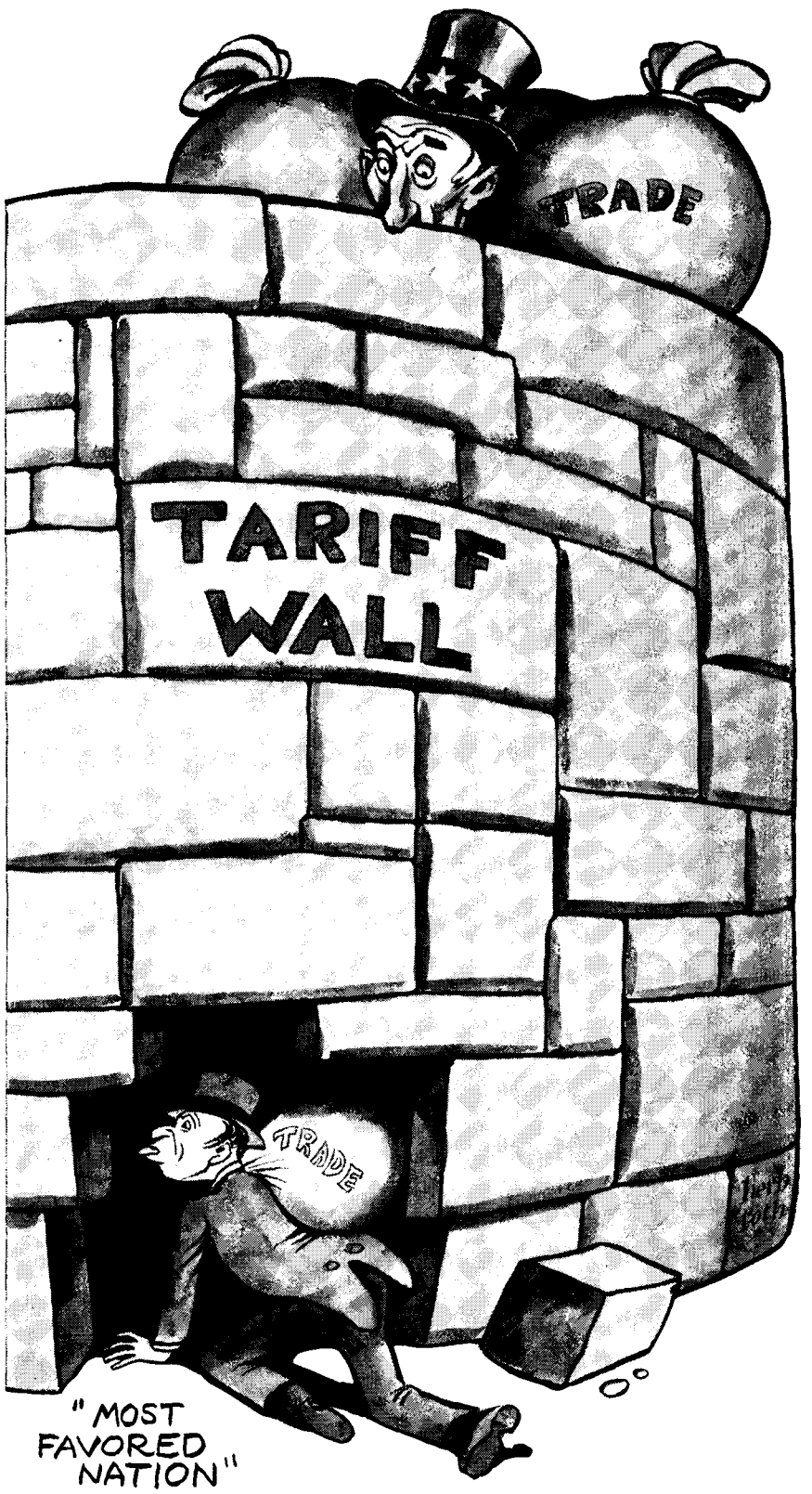

prevent correction of tariff abuses which have ruined our foreign trade

of the Democrats if they can ride into power.

"It is popular now to make light of our foreign trade," he said. I talked with him in his office just off the floor of the House during some very exciting days recently when members were running in every few minutes for hurried conferences. It took several days, in fact, to get through my talk with him, and I marveled at the perfect fireside complacence with which he submitted to incessant interruptions and then went on quietly smoking his pipe and chatting with me as calmly as if we were sitting in his flower garden.

"People tell us our foreign trade is just seven or eight per cent of all our trade," he continued. "But four years ago in our political campaign we didn't make light of it. Mr. Hoover told us then that 'our total volume of exports translates itself into employment for 2,400,000 families, while its increase in the last seven years has interpreted itself into a livelihood for an additional 500,000 families.'

"In 1929 we sold abroad $5,251,000,000 in merchandise. Last year we sold less than half of that. In January and February of this year it was about one-third less than it was in the same months last year; about two thirds less than it was in those months of 1929. As a matter of fact, practically all the increase in our foreign trade laboriously built up during the last twenty years has been wiped out. If Mr. Hoover's estimate is correct the livelihood of over a million families in this country has been destroyed by the losses in our foreign trade in the last year. It will be worse this year.

Business That Won't Come Back

"The loss has been not merely in Europe. In South America in 1929 we sold $550,000,000 worth of goods. Last year we sold only $155,000,000.

"This is a very serious matter. Many people suppose that we have merely to wait for prosperity to drift back to us and that our foreign trade will return. They are mistaken. Our foreign trade is being systematically and definitely taken away from us and we will never get it back *until we form a definite plan* to recover it.

"It is very difficult to make people grasp the fact that you cannot sell goods abroad unless you buy goods abroad too. But this is a fact of the greatest importance. There is no international currency. The goods we buy abroad must be paid for with other goods. The only other way to pay for them is with gold. This, of course, is impossible, because there is not enough gold to pay for even a fraction of these purchases. Even the great, rich United States has not enough gold to pay for what it buys from foreign nations.

"Last year Great Britain bought four billion dollars' worth of goods. England has but $500,000,000 of gold. If she paid out the last grain of gold it would settle for only six weeks' purchases. England couldn't afford to pay for a week's purchases with gold. She couldn't afford to lose that much. Obviously she must pay with something else or she cannot buy. She must pay with goods or services. It must be perfectly plain, therefore, that if we will not buy abroad, we cannot sell abroad. Yet that is exactly what we have been trying to do.

"For years we lived in a fools' paradise. We had our tariff walls; our chief buyers had none. We sold what we wished abroad. We permitted no one to send us anything save what we actually needed. We were young; we needed much and so trade moved in both directions.

"But we developed fast. We shut out first one commodity and then another. Then came the war and soon we found ourselves selling very much and buying much less. After the war, with the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill, we attempted to close our ports to the trade of the world as completely as possible. Of course, we could hardly expect to do business with the rest of the world on this basis. We could not sell to people who were not permitted to pay with the only thing they had to pay with—their goods.

Right Back Where We Started

"Yet we did do business with them. We sold them each year from half a billion to a billion dollars' worth of goods more than we bought from them. How were they able to pay for these goods? They were not. We simply loaned them the money. Our producers each year sold them millions of dollars in goods. Our bankers loaned them millions of dollars to pay for the goods. They still owe the loans. Who knows whether or not they will ever be paid? At any rate, we can lend them no more. Their credit is broken.

"And hence we must come back where we started from—we must let them pay in goods not only for the goods they now buy but for the loans they now owe. We must do that or we must just end trading with them altogether. We must throw our billions of loans into the scrap heap and we must throw our five-billion-dollar export trade along with them. We have been fooling ourselves. But we are now in one of those spots of merciless realism where we can fool ourselves no longer.

"This, in fact, was our situation in 1930, though we refused to see it. Instead of dealing with it, we passed another tariff bill—the present Hawley-Smoot bill—the highest in the history of protective tariffs. It is the only tariff bill in our history which was passed without a public demand. When it was being debated thirty foreign nations protested—many warned us that they would have to take measures against us if it were passed. Of course, we sneered at that—the great United States would make its own tariff rates without consulting any other nation on earth.

"But as soon as the Hawley-Smoot bill was passed these countries began to make good their threats. They proceeded to build their own tariff walls. The chief point in these foreign tariffs is that *they are mainly directed at the United States.* They are retaliatory tariffs. They are made expressly to keep our goods out.

"Take South America, where our trade losses have been greatest. Mexico got four fifths of her wheat from us. She has taxed that 30 per cent. She has increased her tariff on lard 100 per cent, on eggs 20 per cent, on peas 50 per cent, on corn 500 per cent. These must be aimed at us because it is from us she has bought the bulk of these goods.

A World Out for Revenge

"Our trucks formerly entered Argentina free. We sold her practically all she bought. She now puts a 33 per cent tax on them. She put a 33 per cent tariff on pitch pine. That was directed at us, for she got almost her entire supply from the United States.

"In Europe everywhere tariff barriers are raised against our traders. The greatest increases are on those things we sell in Europe. Germany has doubled her rates on live hogs and edible beans and has imposed an impost ranging around 50 per cent on various other vegetable products from the United States. We sold her much of her lard. She made the tariff 90 per cent. Italy got a large part of her frozen meats from us until last year when she loaded them with a 25 per cent tax. Poland got a big portion of her chemical supplies from us. But last year she raised the tariff so high it was almost an embargo. Spain makes no automobiles. So last year she lowered her duties on automobiles 60 per cent to all the world *save the United States.* We cannot now sell an automobile in Spain.

"In January, Americans woke one morning to find that our radio trade in France had been turned over to Holland and Germany. France uses tariffs, but she has also employed extensively another more deadly trade weapon—the quota system. She assigns to various countries an allotted percentage of imports which they may supply. In January she issued a decree restricting radio imports for the first three months of the year to 154.1 metric tons. Of this Holland was allotted 79.2 tons, Germany 50 tons and the United States only 16.6 tons. This more than cut our business there in half.

"The American Chamber of Commerce in Paris on February 10th declared that if this quota system continued in France representatives of American firms in Paris might as well close up their offices and go home.

"All these new duties in these distant countries may seem remote and unimportant. But every time we hear of another tariff rate, another quota discrimination, another licensing arrangement, another embargo, another foreign control, we may be sure another group of American workmen have gone home to their families and announced the brave news that they have been fired. To date we may rest assured over one million American wage earners have gone to their homes with this depressing announcement as a result of the losses in our foreign trade. Now, instead of foreign diplomats in Washington protesting against our tariffs, our State Department representatives in other countries are kept busy in the humiliating and preposterous business of carrying protests to foreign state

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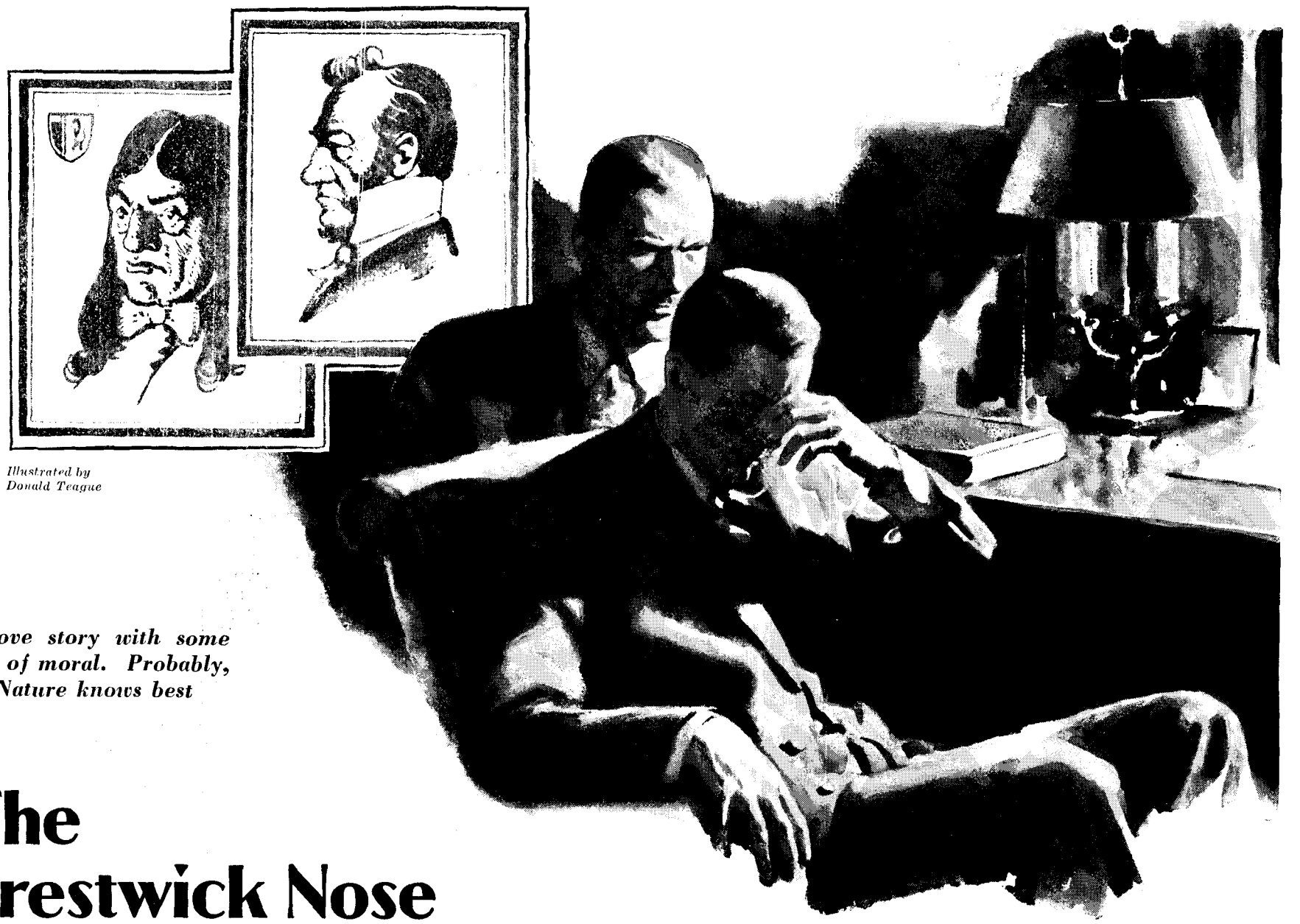

Illustrated by Donald Teague

A love story with some sort of moral. Probably, Nature knows best

The Prestwick Nose

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

MY GAZE focussed on the photographs of two young men. Each subject was shown in profile and the pictures were bracketed together in one frame.

"Hullo!" I remarked, "I haven't seen those chaps before. Are they brothers?"

Doctor Resnic smiled; his narrow, satanic countenance flushed with pride.

"They're one and the same man," he said.

I got up to examine the pictures. The one on the right showed a very personable young fellow with a John Barrymore profile, but the one on the left—ye gods, what a nose! It was wide and blunt and thick—entirely out of keeping with the handsome features surrounding it. It was a schoolboyish sort of nose, and mildly ridiculous.

"You're spoofing me, Doctor," I said flatly.

No, my friend [said Doctor Resnic], I am not spoofing you. The young man you see on the left is Bartholomew Prestwick III as he looked when he first came to me. The photograph on the right shows Bartholomew as he is today. I forgive your incredulity—it is flattering. I have done some neat tricks with chins; the Resnic eye-enlarging technique is internationally recognized; and my successes with pouches, cysts and wrinkles are well known to you. But that nose . . . I say it in all sincerity . . . that nose is the triumph of my career.

The operation . . . I beg pardon? Oh, you wish to hear first about Bartholomew? But the operation . . . very well. As you wish.

Tragedy was the keynote of this patient's history. His first appearance in my office—the seventh of April—was most unorthodox. He rushed in ahead of three other patients who had been waiting, brushed Miss Minnick, my office assistant, rudely aside and began shouting at me.

As near as I can reproduce them, the first sounds he emitted were: "DoctorMarciathrewmeoverDoctoryoumusthelpmeMarciaMarcia. . . ."

Pushing him into a chair, I handed him a glass of water. He drank it and appeared calmer.

"Young man," I said kindly, "what seems to be the trouble?"

"Seems?" he shouted bitterly. "Seems? If you think my trouble is imaginary, you're crazy. I'm in love . . . in love with Marcia . . . and she threw me over. . . ."

My response was purposely brutal.

"You have come to the wrong doctor," I told him. "You should consult an alienist."

THIS had the steadying effect desired. Bartholomew drank another glass of water, and got control of himself. He was soon sufficiently recovered to tell me his name and address. He mentioned that he was the only nephew of Miss Anne Prestwick. I must confess that until he spoke her name I had resolved to get rid of him in short order. But Miss Prestwick, as you know, is one of the older aristocracy and worth several fortunes. In deference to her, I decided to bear with Bartholomew until he had explained the purpose of his visit.

"Tell me all about it," I said, sympathetically.

Naturally, I cannot hope to reproduce Bartholomew's story just as he told it. Young men in his condition are abominable reporters. After twenty minutes or so I had gathered these facts: that Bartholomew had met a girl named Marcia Fleurday; that this girl had the most musical name in the world; that she was the most beautiful creature God had ever put on earth; that he loved her.

I was obliged to interrupt: "All this is quite charming, but scarcely enlightening. Why do you come to me, a plastic surgeon?"

In answer, he clutched at his nose.

"See this?" he demanded.

"I do. It is your nose."

"Thank you, Doctor," was his surprising rejoinder. "Thank you for calling it a nose."

"I merely stated the obvious fact," I said.

He sprang to his feet.

"Oh, this isn't a nose!" he blurted, pulling at it. "You know it isn't. This hideous daub of flesh is a curse! All my life . . . I've suffered from it. When I went to school the boys called me 'Nosey.' I fought them for calling me that . . . and my nose got in the way of their fists. It was the same at the university . . . when I played football . . . every time I tackled anybody . . . my nose . . . again . . . I've never dared to take a drink . . . supposing it turned red? . . ."

"A blessing in disguise," I murmured soothingly.

"Blessing! Ha! Oh, I thought that, too. I thought my luck had changed. Two weeks ago . . . my nose was the cause of my meeting Marcia. . . . I started through a revolving door at the Royale Café and Marcia . . . the darling . . . swung her side too fast . . . she bumped my nose . . . it bled . . . she was divine! . . . a ministering angel . . . I fell in love.

"We saw each other every day . . . every evening . . . then, this afternoon . . . in the park . . . I asked her to marry me. She said . . ."

HE STAGGERED, put his head between his hands; his shoulders heaved.

"She said she loved everything about me . . . but . . . my nose. . . ."

I had been checking him over rather carefully. He had good, honest brown eyes, well placed. His chin was . . . well . . . fair. The right ear might have been moved down a tenth of an inch for perfect symmetry, and I could have done a trick or two with his mouth, which, as you no doubt perceive, is a bit too large. But with the exception of his nose, he was handsome enough. A fine Nordic type.

"Couldn't the young lady grow accustomed to your nose in time?" I inquired.

He shook his head dejectedly.

"I suggested that. Oh, she was dear and sweet and considerate about it. For a long time she wouldn't tell me why she refused to marry me. Only when I threatened to throw myself into the

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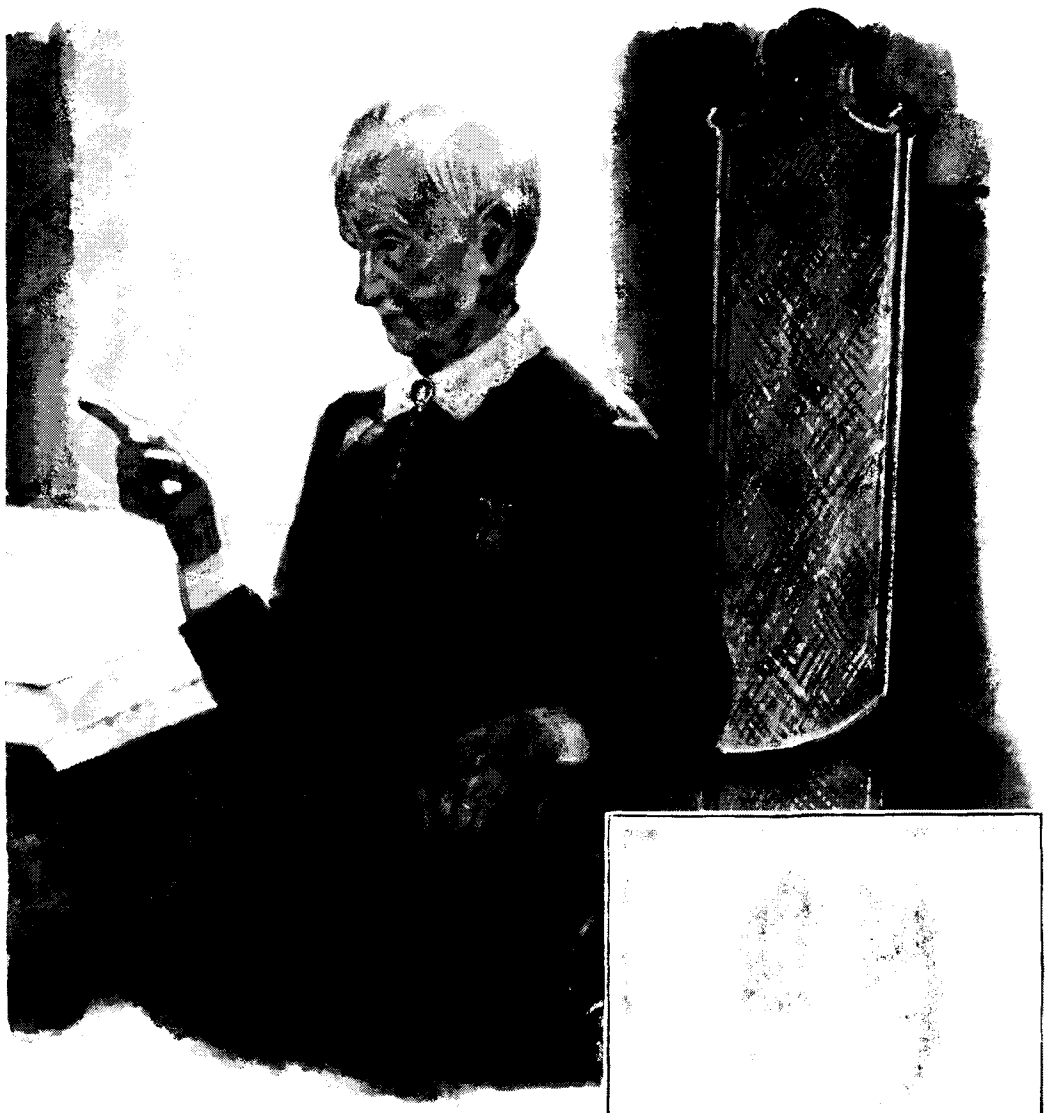

"This ungrateful boy here," she said, "is the inheritor of seventeen generations of Prestwick men. His nose which he affects to despise, is more than a nose"

park lake then and there . . . did she . . . but I don't blame her. She said she would have to live a long time with my face. I've lived twenty-two years with this nose and *I* haven't gotten used to it yet!"

I was silent. I had never attempted anything as radical as this operation. Usually, nose cases bring you a good bridge or shapely nostril cartilage—something to start with.

Bartholomew clutched my arm.

"Don't tell me there's no hope, Doctor!" he implored. "I'm desperate. Tell me you can do something for me!"

Well, we surgeons are only human. And love is, after all, rather touching, in a way.

"I can try," I said. Then, to shut off his babbling gratitude, I hastened to add: "But I can promise nothing; it is a long chance. The result may be a great deal better or a great deal worse."

"It couldn't be worse," Bartholomew cried jubilantly.

We started to discuss the details. I thought of something:

"Before we decide definitely on an operation, hadn't you better consult your aunt?"

He agreed to do that. If there was any insincerity in his voice, I did not notice it.

"And since your main object in undertaking this radical correction is to please Miss Marcia, you should make sure that she will be pleased."

"But I wanted to surprise her."

"She might not be agreeably surprised unless you consult her as to the shape of the new nose."

"That's sound. That's sound. I'll bring her with me tomorrow and she can pick out the shape she likes best!"

I had no time for words of further caution. Bartholomew literally danced out of the office. He shook hands with me seven times at parting and . . . er . . . left a sizable note on account.

The next morning Bartholomew was back, accompanied by Miss Marcia Fleurday.

HIS description had been misleading. Miss Fleurday was not the physical perfection he had boasted. She was one of these blond types who don't wear well at all. In a glance I saw that she would need a facial lift before she was forty. Technically speaking, she had very bad skin. These milk-white blond complexions do very well at twenty, but you can't make wrinkle-sutures stick on them—they stretch horribly after the thirty-fifth year, and the pigmentation fades. I could see that young Bartholomew was letting himself in for heavy plastic fees by choosing Miss Fleurday. But it was not my place to sound a warning.

She seemed very keen for the operation, and watched with interest while I took a cast of Bartholomew's nose. I hastily sketched some sample outlines of noses and submitted them to my patient.

Miss Fleurday snatched them out of his hands.

"Oh, these won't do at *all*, Doctor Resnic," she said. "They would not become Bartie."

She grabbed my pencil and drew the outline she favored. It was in wretched taste. The nose would have no character, no harmony of line. Diplomatically, I pointed out the defects. After a moment's consideration she agreed with me. Then the situation began to grow difficult.

Miss Fleurday could not make up her mind just what type of nose she wished Bartholomew to have. He was of no use in the discussion. He sat staring with calf's eyes at the girl, nodding his head in idiotic fashion to all her remarks indiscriminately.

I am a tolerant man. I have the tenderest respect for that form of lunacy known as "young love." But when Miss Fleurday, having drawn a fairly good nose for Bartholomew, said: "Naughty Marcie's dowin' to show her Bartie-Artie how his 'ittle nosey looks now," and proceeded to illustrate with a wad of chewing gum, I felt called upon to protest.

"The merry quip and jest has little place in surgery, my dear young lady," I said. "And, after all, we are here to decide what sort of nose Bartholomew must wear for the rest of his life."

She pouted very prettily and Bartholomew frowned at me. But I was adamant. I held the discussion to facts and after an hour or so Miss Fleurday approved the seventeenth sketch I drew. I hurried them out of the office, not wanting her to change her mind again, and set the date of operation four days hence.

During this period Miss Fleurday telephoned nine times and visited my office twice to suggest changes in the proposed nose. I was finally obliged to tell Bartholomew that if the plans were upset once more I should withdraw from the case. His answer was to hand me a check covering the entire fee in advance and promise there would be no more changes.

The day before the operation, I had a visitor.

She told Miss Minnick her name was Catherine Holt, and she demanded to see me at once. She seemed so distraught that Miss Minnick sent her in ahead of several patients.

"Doctor Resnic," she said at once, "I understand you are to perform an operation on Bartholomew Prestwick tomorrow morning."

"Mr. Prestwick is a patient of mine," I replied, "but I am not at liberty to discuss his case."

"You don't have to discuss it," was her astounding reply. "I know everything. I know that a little beast named Marcia Fleurday has gotten Bartholomew infatuated with her, and is forcing him to change his nose."

I LOOKED at Miss Catherine Holt closely. Her frank, direct manner disposed me in her favor, despite my resentment at her impertinence. She was young, five years younger than Miss Fleurday, at least. A decided brunette, she was of the type we plastic surgeons term "a permanent natural." That is to say, Miss Holt would keep her figure and her good looks well into middle age. If all women were like her, plastic surgery would be a poorly paying profession. Dark, clear skin that is practically wrinkle-proof; deep violet eyes that would never fade; slight laughter lines about mouth and eyes which would touch up easily at the age of fifty.

"If you know all about it," I remarked, "why have you come to me? Aren't you aware that it is unethical for a doctor to talk about his patients?"

She stared at me steadily.

"I have come to plead with you to help me save Bartholomew from himself. In his present condition he is not responsible. That blond minx has him completely under her spell. This is all her doing, and I say it is absurd . . . insane . . . it must be stopped!"

"Are you related to Bartholomew?" I asked.

The girl blushed.

"I'm just . . . a friend. Bartholomew and I went to school together. Grew up together. I live next door to his aunt Anne. We saw a great deal of each other until Bartholomew set up his own establishment at the University Club. If he'd been where I could keep an eye on him, this wouldn't have happened."

THAT speech let the cat out of the bag. I could not avoid the inevitable comparison of this girl and Miss Fleurday. Miss Holt was much the better proposition, to my way of thinking. A permanent wave now and then, and a bit of rouge was all Miss Holt would require, with perhaps a one-point lift when she was sixty. But Miss Fleurday . . . it was my conviction that the man who married her would regret it. I foresaw a steady succession of lifts, grafts, fat-removals and bone-corrections in her life. Keeping her in a fair state of repair would tax even a sizable income.

However—

"Bartholomew is twenty-two years old, and therefore his own master," I reminded my visitor. "I don't see that there is anything to be done."

A heated argument followed:

"Did you advise this operation, Doctor Resnic?"

"I advised neither for nor against it. Bartholomew wants a new nose and has engaged me as a surgeon to fulfill his wishes."

"You know he's doing a foolish thing. His nose is perfectly good enough."

"We-ell, it is not a handsome nose exactly."

"But it fits Bartholomew! He wouldn't be the same without it."

"I agree with you."

"Then why are you being a party to such an insane act? Why are you helping Marcia Fleurday to make a fool of Bartholomew?"

"He loves her. He wants to please her, naturally."

"He doesn't love her. He couldn't. It's just infatuation. Bartholomew falls violently insane over a new girl every

(Continued on page 39)

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The All-and-All Woman

If no woman has ever made you sing a weary song, you needn't envy Bugaboo Jones

By Roark Bradford

Illustrated by Harry Burne

THERE was no doubt about it. Mattie Sue was the sweetest woman Bugaboo Jones had ever seen. As he searched his memory for other women who had, from time to time, won his love and friendship, he found only a long series of ladies of mediocre attractions.

The big roustabout numbered among his sweethearts women all the way from New Orleans to Vicksburg, and then back again. They were all "regulars," these Mississippi River women—women who met the steamboat John D. Grace every time she landed, and made fast talk with the big freight wrestler. Then there were women scattered all along up the Red, the Black and the Ouachita rivers, who made slick talk with him every time old Cap'm Cooley took the Grace up the tributaries. There were plenty of women even up the Tensas, the Boeuf, and Bayou Maçon, when the Grace made her annual trip on these by-streams for cotton and pipe-staves.

And then there was Mattie Sue.

"Baby," Bugaboo told her, "you's so sweet you jest won't unh-unh!"

"Aw, you jest a big ole lie," protested Mattie Sue. "You jest sayin' like dat to git me all vexed up."

"Naw, I ain't," insisted Bugaboo. "Ev'y time I looks at you, gal, I gits all spread out wid pyore love for you."

Bugaboo had known Mattie Sue approximately two hours. It was at the little town of Calion, Arkansas, twenty-five miles below Camden. The Grace usually stopped here only long enough for the rousters to tote ashore a few sacks of groceries. But on this trip up the tributaries, the Grace got her stern-wheel mixed up with a sand bar, and she had to pull in while blacksmiths and machinists welded crank shafts in the engine-room.

"Sweetenin'," said Bugaboo, "I'm gonter quit steamboatin', and take up wid you."

HE WAS lying flat on his stomach under a big oak tree, his chin pillowed on his folded arms. Mattie Sue sat directly in front of him, her arms locked round her shins and her chin resting on her knees. Down the steep bank, almost below them, the Grace lay idly in the water, while the blacksmiths hammered away at the broken machinery. It was blazing hot down there, the sun beating on the water and the high banks on both sides of the river cutting off all breeze. But it was cool and lazy up on top of the bank under the friendly oak.

"Yeah, darlin'," drawled Bugaboo, "you might ain't de best in de world but you de best I ever seed. I seed a heap er womens in my time, but hit ain't never yit was one ha'f as purty as old good-lookin' you."

Mattie Sue squirmed a little. She knew better than to believe everything a big man said to her, and she knew how to turn the conversation to less serious themes. But this big fast-talking man had a peculiarly convincing note in his talk. She instinctively knew better but, at the same time, she didn't care.

"Big'n," she cooed, "efn I was a little kitten I'd jest crawl up in yo' lap and purr."

"You don't got to be no kitten to do dat, good-lookin'," Bugaboo told her. "You ain't too big a cat to crawl up in my lap, right now."

"You layin' down on yo' lap," giggled Mattie Sue. "And even efn you wan't, I ain't no cat."

BUGABOO made a lazy gesture with one arm. "Makes me no diffunce efn you's a cat or no," he said. "Come on and set down in my lap."

"Nawp," objected Mattie Sue. "Efn I done dat befo' us was engaged, you wouldn't love me no more."

"Well," conceded Bugaboo lazily, "let's git."

"Git which?"

"Engaged up."

"Engaged up to git married?" Mattie Sue wanted to be specific.

"Sho," agreed Bugaboo. He felt a warm glow of contentment with the whole world, for the moment.

"Well," agreed Mattie Sue, "efn hit's okes wid you hit's kays wid me."

"Dat must make hit O. K., den," Bugaboo reasoned, "so I reckon us is engaged, honey."

"To git married," added Mattie Sue.

"To git married," agreed Bugaboo.

Mattie Sue squirmed expectantly, but Bugaboo continued his lazy sprawl upon the ground. Life was filled with quiet, contented sweetness and the idea of interrupting this pleasant inertia to demonstrate, physically, his love for Mattie Sue did not occur to him.

"I'm gonter take you to N'Awlins," he told her.

His eyes were half closed, and although he was looking directly at her, she was no more than a dreamy haze before him.

"I'm gonter take you on de boat when us gits back dis way, and den I'm gonter quit steamboatin' and take up wid you, down in N'Awlins." As he talked in generalities, the details fell into place, naturally. "You git yo' bundle and git on de boat when us come back, tomorrow, and I'll pay yo' fare down, outn my wages. Den I quits steamboatin' and us'll live in a house, over back er town."

Iron Man was already blowing that endless sour note on a harmonica

"I kin do washin' to pay de rent," volunteered Mattie Sue, whose dream took a more practical turn. "I'd bust suds all day long ev'y day jest to have a handsome somethin' like you hangin' round de house."

"YEAH," agreed Bugaboo. "And us got to have a cookin' stove, too. Me, I sho do loves to eat. You kin do de cookin', too, baby. Fish, mostly I likes. Po'k chops, too."

They made random plans for a few minutes, and then Mattie Sue came back to the present.

"Hit'll be mighty lonesome, darlin'," she said, "waitin' for you to come back tomorrow and git me. Maybe I ought to have me a ring so I won't forgit us is engaged up."

"A which?" asked Bugaboo.

"A ring. To wear on my finger," explained Mattie Sue. "Mighty nigh ev'y time I gits engaged up, de man gits me a ring to wear so's I won't forgit I'm engaged."

There seemed to be no ready answer in Bugaboo's mind to that one, so he just lay still. At that very moment the machinists finished their work, and the old captain pulled the bell cord on the steamboat to signal that the Grace would pull out within a few minutes.

THE sound of the bell, the call to return to the duties of steamboating, broke the lazy spell that held Bugaboo. Immediately he became a hard-working roustabout once more. He dragged himself to his feet, Love and Romance vanished, and he was nothing more than a fast-talking river man among the country women. The bell rang again.

"Dar yo' ring, baby," he flung at Mattie Sue. "But you can't wear hit on yo' finger." And he trotted down the bank to the steamboat.

The business of getting away—untying the headlines, hoisting the stage, the noise of the whistle and bell, the churning of the wheel and an occasional sharp command from old Captain Cooley—completely drove Mattie Sue from Bugaboo's mind. He was merely a steamboating roustabout once more. His mind was in the immediate present, with possibly an excursion into the future no farther than to wonder whether it would be fish or side meat and collards for supper that night. And beneath the surface of the moment's consciousness was nothing more than the ever-present knowledge that steamboating was merely one landing after another where nature had thoughtfully distributed plenty of women for a man to jolly with while working, so the toteloads wouldn't be too heavy.

When the boat finally squared herself in the river with her nose pointing upstream, Bugaboo relaxed from the tense activity necessary to the work of leaving a landing. He went to the forward

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"Aw," protested Mattie Sue, "you jest sayin' like dat to git me all vexed up"

main deck and lay down upon some coffee sacks. Close at hand his friend Iron Man already was blowing that endless sour note on a harmonica. Iron Man had discovered the trick of inhaling through his nose and exhaling through the harp reeds in his mouth simultaneously, thereby effecting a long, continuous sound on one lonesome note. He also had learned how to maneuver his lips so that additional notes could be blown from time to time, thereby adding a sort of basso accompaniment to the solitary note.

Bugaboo listened to Iron Man's music for all of one minute. "Iron Man," he remarked, "you sho kin blow a lonesome song on dat harp. Hit mighty nigh gives me de all-overs, jest hyarin' you blow."

Iron Man continued his music for a while, and once more Bugaboo spoke: "Boy, you must *be* lonesome, de way you blows. Did somebody did you somethin'?"

IRON MAN took the harmonica from his mouth, batted the reeds against the palm of his hand deliberately, and put the instrument into his overall bib pocket. "Jest had a woman on my mind, Bugaboo," he said sadly, "and me and my ole French harp had to blow her off."

"Ummm," speculated Bugaboo. "You got to come way up hyar all de way in Arkansas to git a woman on yo' mind?"

"I used to sawmill up hyar in Arkansas before I tuck up steamboatin'," Iron Man explained. "De womens up dis way is all kin to Po' Selma. Dey make you love 'em, and dey won't let you forgit 'em. Lawd, Lawd!" Automatically he took his harmonica from his pocket and blew the lonesome wail once more.

Bugaboo listened for a few minutes. But lonesome music and a woman-weary friend couldn't override tired muscles and a clear conscience. Bugaboo went to sleep.

When the boat got to Camden there was freight to be unloaded and, after that, there was some socializing to be done along the river bank with the natives. A little sleep during the rest of the night, and the next morning there was a lot of loading to be done. It was afternoon when the John D. Grace started down the river once more.

As usual, Bugaboo Jones was away behind on his sleep, and he went to the forward main deck expecting to get it. He lay down upon a pile of freight, near the usually soothing sound of Iron Man's harp. But instead of sleeping, he began to sing in a far-off voice that sounded as lonesome as the music:

"I worked all de summer and all de fall,
Jest tryin' to find my All-and-All.
But after all my hard travelin'
Things gonter change some day—"

"Boy, whar'd you git dat lonesome song?" demanded Iron Man.

"Hunh? Oh, dat song?" Bugaboo cogitated. "Must er got hit at dat brown lady's house up at Camden. She was playin' hit on de graffyphome. I swear! I didn't know I was singin' dat song. I wonder was I singin' about dat gal?"

"Which gal?" asked Iron Man.

"Dat Camden gal," Bugaboo explained. "I ain't got no call to sing about her. I didn't love her none. She was too slow-tawkin' to suit me. She was a purty good cook, and she sho knowed how to fry dese hyar catfish."

"Better watch dese hyar Arkansas gals," cautioned Iron Man. "Dey'll th'ow dat stingaree on you and you won't know you's hit to you tries to git away."

"Nawp," declared Bugaboo. "Dat ugly ole gal ain't hit me wid nothin' but maybe wid a big slice er catfish. She kin hit me in de stomach ev'y day and Sunday too, Iron Man, but she can't make me sing lonesome for her."

Iron Man blew his weary harp song a while longer. "Maybe," he said finally, "hit was some yuther woman which stung yo' heart."

Bugaboo considered a moment. "Nawp. Ain't never yit been no woman which c'd sting me in de heart and make me sing a weary song. I jest hyared dat song on de graffyphome—"

"DESE Arkansas gals," Iron Man said with sad authority, "kin take and tear yo' heart out by de roots and tromp on hit wid dey foots and den make you sing weary after 'em."

Bugaboo didn't believe it.

"I'm tellin' you," insisted Iron Man. "Hit was a lady right down de river hyar at Calion. I loved dat gal so good I married her up wid a pair er cou't-house licenses and ev'ything—"

"Calion?" The name stirred a vague recollection in the slow-moving mind of the big rouster. "What was dat gal's name?"

Iron Man heaved a love-sick sigh. "Mattie Sue," he said. "She was a rangy, nappy-haided dark chile, wid dem come-on-darlin' eyes and a you's-de-onliest-one tongue."

"Wait a minute," commanded Bugaboo. "Hold ev'ything you got right whar you got hit." Dim memories were becoming brighter in the mind of Bugaboo Jones, and the brightness of them was confusing and dazzling. "You say dat gal live in Calion? And her name is Mattie Sue?"

"Dat was her sweet name," declared Iron Man, his voice dripping pure honey.

A picture of the events on the river bank at Calion the afternoon before was forming in Bugaboo's mind. "Boy!" he exclaimed. "I knows dat gal! I was tawkin' and jowin' wid her when us was laid up at Calion, comin' up de river! I bet she de same sweet somethin'."

"I bet so too," Iron Man agreed. "I started to git off at Calion to see c'd I find her, but I was ashamed. What did she look like, son?"

Bugaboo closed his eyes and drew a deep breath. "She looked outn de world," he declared. "Iron Man, she just looked too sweet. All scrunched over makin' sweet tawk to me. She had my hard ole heart ballin' de jack all over my busom."

"Is dat all?" Iron Man asked.

"Yeah," said Bugaboo. "About."

"What'd she say?"

"I disremember," Bugaboo said, "but hit was powerful sweet."

"Say anything about gittin' married?" pressed Iron Man.

Bugaboo studied a few minutes. "I disremember," he said. "Seem lak somethin' was said about hit."

"Must not er been de same Mattie Sue," Iron Man reasoned, "or you'd a' remembered."

"I b'lieve I does ricollick about gettin' engaged up to her."

"Dat sounds more like her," commented Iron Man.

DETAILS were getting clearer in Bugaboo's mind now. "Yeah," he affirmed, "us did git engaged. And she axed me to give her a ring—"

"Dat's her!" exclaimed Iron Man. "Dat jest de way she do! She done me jest like dat!"

"But," Bugaboo had to stop and chuckle at his own wit, "about dat time de ole Cap'm pull de bell rope, and I told her to take dat ring." He laughed outright at the cleverness of it.

Iron Man remained sadly solemn. "Son," he said, "I don't love Mattie Sue no gooder den you do. But I knowed her mo' longer and dat's how come she's so heavy on my weary mind. I knowed her all one summer and she won't leave my poor heart alone. You jest knowed her one day and she made you sing dat weary song—"

"Humph!" snorted Bugaboo. "Ain't no woman kin make me do dat. I gits me a woman when de boat lands and I leaves her when de boat leaves. 'Cause I'm a steamboatin' man and I don't keer who likes it."

Iron Man looked at Bugaboo with all the sadness of a sorrowing heart. "Bugaboo," he said, "you got engaged to marry Mattie Sue, jest like I done. And I married her."

"Yeah, you done dat," agreed Bugaboo, "but—"

"Don't but me, son," Iron Man warned him. "Me and you's jest as good as step-husbands right now, Bugaboo. Dat woman'll do you like she done me. She do's dat all de time."

Iron Man was so serious that for all of a whole minute Bugaboo worried about the possibilities. But for no longer than that. Bugaboo was not built for more than one minute's worry at a time. Before Iron Man was seriously straightened out on his harmonica, Bugaboo was sound asleep.

IT WAS late in the afternoon when the boat got to Calion again. Bugaboo had had his sleep out and was beginning to wonder what the cook was going to have for supper when, suddenly, the boat turned a sharp bend and pointed her nose straight toward the bank. The whistle blew, the bell rang and Bugaboo got to his feet to grab a bundle of freight. It was just another landing for Bugaboo.

By the time the long nose of the gangplank rested upon the bank, a strange misgiving seized the roustabout. It was, he recalled, Calion. And Calion was where Mattie Sue stayed. And Mattie Sue was engaged to marry him. And Iron Man, who had been there, had warned him that when Mattie Sue got herself engaged to marry a man she married him.

(Continued on page 47)

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Spanish Goal

By W. B. Courtney

The nations of the earth left their stamp upon her, and yet she is like no other city in the world. Violence and beauty, wealth and disaster, piety and crime joined hands in her making: the result has a color and a fragrance of its own. Here's the story of San Francisco and of the giants who labored in her building

Friar Junipero Serra, founder of California's early missions

Frisco in 1849. A raid by "The Hounds." Right, Montgomery Street's famed mud

IF YOU like fish, it would be worth your while to know Salvatore Alioto. No man on the Fisherman's Wharf can tell you better whether this is a day when abalone should be tastiest, or pompano, or a flat sand dab, or a mess of the tiny, nutlike, deliciously tough shrimps of the Bay. If you want to fish, it would be even worth your while to know Salvatore Alioto. No man along the Embarcadero can advise you where a baited hook will fetch richer sport. It is, however, if you are one of those sentimentalists who think that the golden age of San Francisco's Bohemia died with the earthquake—excuse me, fire—of 1906 that it would be most worth your while to meet Salvatore Alioto.

Come with me on a Saturday night to the Unione Sportiva and you'll get the idea. A meeting of Italian fishermen is in progress and the old hall, a-swim in a purple fog, vibrates with the uproar of hundreds of the most talkative, warm-hearted and odoriferous of the earth's good peoples. Shake hands with Salvatore Alioto. It's difficult to hear his friendly greeting above the tumult of accordions—the beloved grand pianos of the poorer Italians. You catch enough, however, to indicate that San Francisco's public schools have done a pretty good job on Salvatore; and your eyes assure you that its climate hasn't taken the curl out of his thick red hair or put any kinks in the powerful six-foot stretch of his 195 pounds. When you glimpse his perfect teeth you think of your fillings and make a mental note to change to a diet of garlic and breadsticks—but at that moment there rises a unified roar: "Sal! Sal! Bravo, Sal!"

Salvatore steps to the side of the accordion orchestra and bows to his admirers with a gracefulness that is of the blood—you couldn't imitate it for all your four years of amateur theatricals in college. Papa Giuseppe, who is eighty-one, although you'd never know it if I didn't tell you, shoves aside his tumbler and his pipe and makes room for you at the Alioto table. Papa Giuseppe is proud of Sal, and of Ignazio, Nunzio, Giovanni, Francesco, Federico and the rest of his sons, and hisses to you that Sal came by his talents naturally.

You hear the young man of twenty-eight, who has never had an hour of musical instruction, sing in a resonant baritone the Prologue to Pagliacci, and arias from La Bohême and Il Trovatore. When the fishermen—Neapolitans, to whom love of good music is as natural as love of women—finally let Sal go and he sits down beside you, grinning and hoarse, you feel you have stumbled upon one of the world's unheralded geniuses. But wait!—from a group across the hall another favorite of the fishermen steps out, and he goes through a repertoire as difficult as Sal's. He sings quite as well as Sal, too; and so does a third man. Now you begin to understand why I brought you here; for it is against the background of her citizens that San Francisco's unique color and romantic story appear to best advantage.

If Sal Alioto worked on the New York waterfront, the Sunday papers would print feature stories about him and the newsreels would have him sing "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" while he packed a case of herrings. In San Francisco he is merely one of the city's 60,000 Italians.

Men Greater Than History

Great gifts in her sons aren't news to San Francisco. Destiny endowed her in the beginning with an indelible and mysterious savor which has made her affairs a magnet for the talented, and her plazas the rendezvous of adventurers; which has given her street-walkers the airs of ladies-in-waiting, and her panhandlers the aplomb of knights-errant; and which has attracted to every vital period of her life singular men who have stamped their distinction upon her character. San Francisco, looking backward, cannot see her history for her men. Two prodigious men, especially: Friar Serra, the Franciscan, and Sam Brannan, the Mormon elder.

San Francisco was discovered because Admiral Vizcaino of Spain was one big liar. Señor Viz, long, long ago, poked up the virtually unknown Pacific Coast of North America as far north as the waters nowadays known as the Bay of Monterey. If you think of a bay as a sheltered place, you will call Monterey one only by courtesy, for it is just a thumbmark in the shoreline, exposed to whatever disorders brew upon the open Pacific. The dispatch, however, which this first California publicity man sent home convinced the king that here was the greatest and safest harbor in the world; mild as a pan of milk, guarded on all sides by slopes whose fertile soil yearned for Spanish seeds, and provided by a rather ingenious God with an elastic inlet which would expand to accommodate the frigates of His Most Catholic Majesty and shrink to keep out the heretic English.

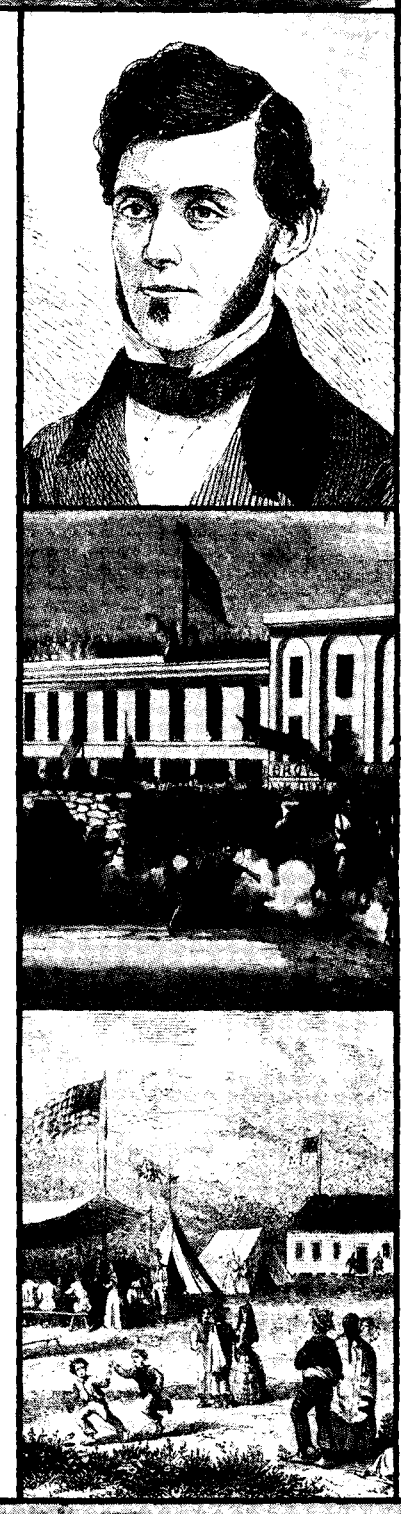
And that, my children, is how San Francisco was discovered—because when Captain Portola went overland to settle the marvelous bay he marched right past Monterey without perceiving in it any resemblance to Vizcaino's dream of perfection, and he kept on marching northward until he came to a bay that fitted it to the grain. Sergeant José Ortego was the first white man to tread San Francisco soil, if you're one of those who like to give credit to the under dogs of history. On an afternoon in November of 1769 José was scouting the peninsula shore in advance of Portola, without suspecting the presence of the bay which was hidden by the rolling hills to the east. The Golden Gate stopped him. He turned, thinking this was merely a cove which he could follow around. But there seemed to be an awful lot of it and after a while he thought he'd better take a look. So he tethered his horse and climbed—no other than Telegraph Hill, whence his popping eyes beheld the magnificent water panorama of the whole San Francisco Bay region.

Friar Serra, the spiritual head of the expedition and the founder and directing genius of California's famous chain of missions, had remained behind in Santa Barbara to get that settlement under way. When excited soldiers brought back word to him of the wonderful thirty-mile landlocked harbor his fervent hosannas frightened the Indians. Before Serra had left Mexico the Visitador-General had given him an official list of names for the proposed missions—San Diego, Santa Barbara and the others. The friar had scanned the list rapidly. "What," he had exclaimed in high dudgeon, "is there to be no mission for the good Saint Francis?"

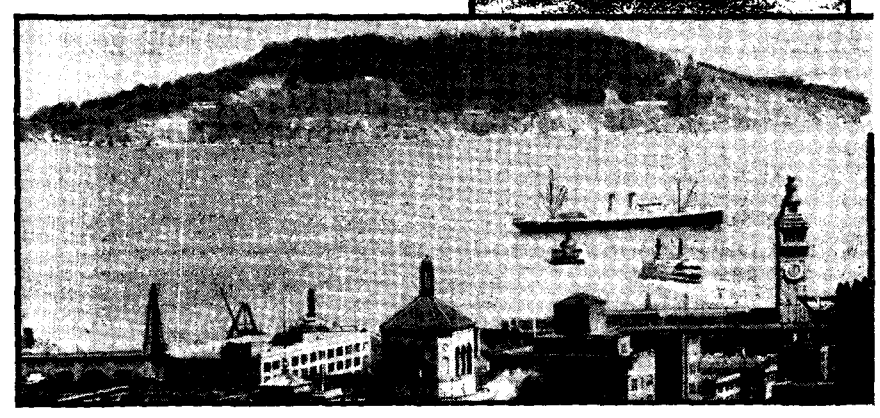
"If your Saint Francis is to have a mission named for him," the Visitador-General had compromised, "let him show you a fine port for the ships of His Most Christian Majesty."

"And the good Saint Francis has done so!" shouted Friar Serra.

Junipero Serra, the patron saint of San Francisco, was born in Spain in 1713 and took up his missionary labors in the New World in 1748. The crown-



Sam Brannan, Mormon leader, and, below, a gathering of the Vigilantes organized by him. Right, first July 4th Celebration, in 1836



A panoramic view of San Francisco

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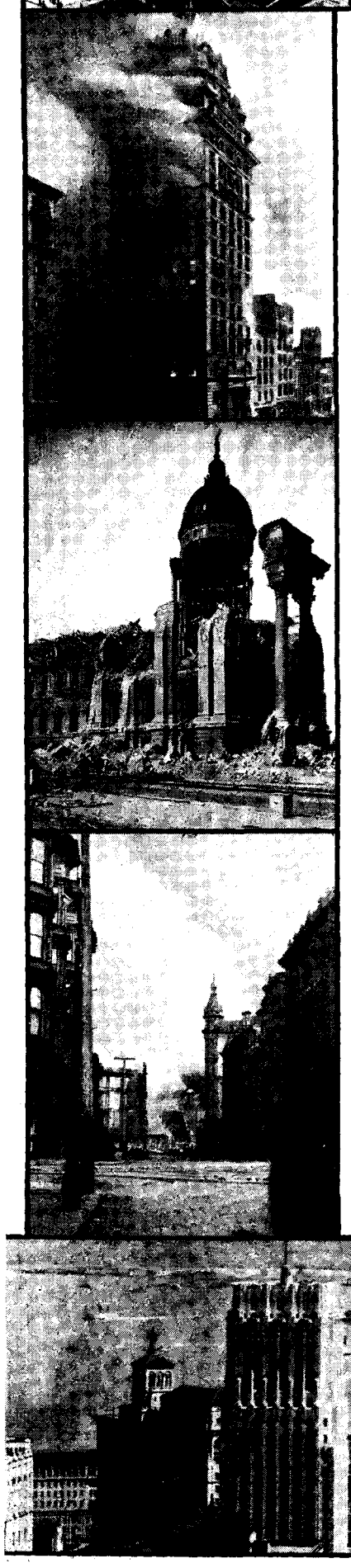

Scenes during the disastrous earthquake and fire which destroyed San Francisco in 1906, in which 28,000 buildings were razed

Bay from a downtown skyscraper roof

ing work of his life was the Misión de los Dolores de San Francisco de Asís, or the Mission of the Sorrows of Saint Francis of Assisi. It was called Mission Dolores for short. The settlement which grew up around it was at first called Yerba Buena, or Good Land.

Despite badly ulcerated legs, Friar Serra had dragged himself on foot every inch of the way from Vera Cruz, thousands of miles, over mountains and deserts, through snow and heat. In all New Spain he was revered as a saint. Whenever he found a likely spot for a new mission the old friar would yell in ecstasy, tuck up his robes, and scramble up the nearest tree with a bell which he would hang on a topmost branch. Descending, he would swing on the bell-rope and shout: "Come, all ye heathen, come to the Holy Church, come to the faith of Jesus Christ!" The amazed Indians would steal out of the bush to watch Serra dance on his one good leg; then he would consecrate the spot with a mass, while his soldiers saw to it that nobody left before the service was over.

The Golden Pastoral Age

Life in the first days of San Francisco was idyllic. The oxen bells of new settlers tinkled on the mission trail. The plantings brought forth harvests the like of which had never been seen. The climate—what else could it have been?—endowed the Spanish women with a fecundity which made families of twenty-five children the rule. At the turn of the century the golden pastoral age was in full swing. In 1803 the flag of the United States was carried through the Golden Gate for the first time, by the ships Aser and Alexander. Thereafter lean, lank men from the new republic in the east began to prowl through the lovely land. They were made welcome by the padres and the grandees in the old hospitable way.

If you enjoy sighing over the raptures of young love, dust off the oldest history of San Francisco you can find and read about the happy unions of wandering American lads with the dark-eyed daughters of the Dons.

Bull and bear fights were San Francisco's chief public sport. The bulls were domestic stock; the bears roamed the peninsula in such numbers that the capture of one never troubled the promoters until five minutes or so before the event was to begin. The rivals were driven into a palisaded ring; the friars tucked up their robes and the soldiers unhooked their corselets, and all climbed to the security of a topmost rail to enjoy the spectacle. The Indians did not patronize this sport; they found the diversions of the Christians too much for their pagan stomachs, especially on afternoons when neither bull nor bear was inclined to fight and the dissatisfied fans would tie them together by their hind legs. Terror, of course, would then provide the urge for a death fight. The bears usually won.

The Indians were Friar Serra's gravest responsibility. They were a mangy lot, those original inhabitants of California; too lazy to hunt, too stupid to grow things. Serra taught them to do both. When they learned to associate church attendance with food, they became quite pious. Sometimes, as the years wore on, an aquiline nose or a sharp Castilian eye made its appearance to relieve the monotony of flat faces of the Digger Indian children who assisted at mass in the Missions—signs of a quite understandable interest in the native maids of the Mission by some young settler, or of a soldier's generosity with trinkets.

It was the custom in the missions for the friars to preach in Latin, and soldiers with whips were alert to offset the soporific effects of the Vulgate upon the Indians. No such vigilance was necessary, however, when Serra preached, for he had the true evangelist's flair for theatricalism. He would mount his pulpit armed with a large rock and with a cat-o'-nine-tails. For a long moment his large, sad eyes would stare into nothingness over the heads of his congregation; then, with dramatic suddenness, he would tear his robes from his shoulders and stand with his torso bare.

As he preached he would pause, after passages of great humility, to flail himself with the whip; and in periods of exaltation he would pound his chest with the rock. He would signify his conclusion by pressing lighted candles slowly to his flesh to extinguish them. Friar Serra died in 1784 and was buried in his official parish, the San Carlos Mission in Monterey: no man big enough to succeed to his mantle appeared in California until Sam Brannan arrived in 1846.

Elder Sam Brannan was born in Saco, Maine, in 1819, and was a journeyman printer. In the East he published the Mormon paper, The Prophet, and was close to Brigham Young in the councils of the Saints. If Brigham hadn't been such a stubborn old fellow, you might now be getting your Mormon Tabernacle Choir broadcasts from San Francisco instead of from Salt Lake City. About the time the Mormons were finding things too hot for them in the Gentile East and had begun to consider a pilgrimage to a place not in the United States, where they might find freedom, tales of the lovely land of California were rife on the Atlantic seaboard. Brannan, therefore, sailed from Brooklyn in February of 1846 with about 200 Mormon settlers.

Sam was grievously disappointed to find that the United States had beat him to it; on the ninth of July, 1846, three weeks before Sam arrived, Captain John B. Montgomery had landed with sailors from the U. S. S. Portsmouth and hoisted the American flag over the Old Plaza, which henceforth was to be known as Portsmouth Square. Sam considered moving on—into the wilderness north of California. But the climate enraptured him. The Gentiles here, too, were different from those who persecuted his people in the East; old-time Californians, whose Latin courtesy was a novelty to the Mormons, and Americans whose prejudices had been mellowed by the Pacific sun.

Brannan's Promised Land

Sam reasoned that if he could induce the main body of the Mormons to come here they could seize social and political control. Meanwhile he ordered his followers to pick desirable lots for themselves, and, come Sunday, he climbed the porch of Richardson's big house in Dupont Street and preached the first sermon in English in San Francisco.

Like Friar Serra, Sam Brannan had been abundantly blessed by nature with attributes which are useful to leaders of raw society—a towering physique, a quick tongue and the strength to back it up, a leather throat, a pair of bellows for lungs, fiery eyes, a thick and bristling mane, and a fearlessness which was rare even in that outpost which owed its very existence to the courage of its men. For all his gifts, Elder Sam was unable to convince Brigham Young that California was the more desirable site for a Promised Land, once the Lion of the Lord had set his eyes on the Great Salt Valley. But Sam could return to San Francisco, and he did.

News of the discovery of gold by James W. Marshall in the tailrace of Sutter's mill on the American River in February of 1848 reached San Francisco within a few days; but no grown man in that town was going to be caught believing fairy stories! Two or three scatterbrains who figured there might be truth in the report slunk out of town under cover of darkness so that they wouldn't be laughed at; and San Francisco went on with its midwinter nap. It was rudely awakened a week later by a cry on the Plaza—a cry from its most trustworthy citizen. Men and women, padres and gamblers, grandees and children, señoritas and soldiers, rushed into the Plaza to hear Sam Brannan.

The giant Mormon, begrimed from a hard journey, his whole being ablaze as with a great fever, was alternately striding and running around the Plaza, waving his hat with one hand, and with the other swinging around his head a bottle filled with gold dust while he yelled: "Gold! Gold! Gold from the American River!"

The next day San Francisco was a deserted village, to its last house and store. The lull was brief; all over the world men were deserting wives and families, factories and offices, to join the gold rush. Twenty thousand came

(Continued on page 30)

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING found and rifled the long-lost tomb of El Mokanna, the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassân," Sir Lionel Barton, world-famous Orientalist, destroys it and, with the members of his party—including Dr. van Berg, an archæologist, Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's beautiful niece, and Rima's fiancé, Shan Greville, who tells the story—journeys to Ispahân.

The tomb has yielded the Prophet's sword (known as "The Sword of God"), his gold-graven "New Creed," and his mask of gold. Securely locked in a green iron box, they are entrusted to the care of van Berg.

In Ispahân, Sir Lionel takes a house. Across the street is an ancient edifice—the "Ghost Mosque"—from which weird wails emanate nightly. Van Berg's room, in which he keeps the box, can be reached from outside only by way of his window, thirty feet above the street. Early one morning he is found—murdered. Someone, or *something*, has apparently *flown* to the window, entered, and stabbed him to death, leaving behind no clue other than a heavy fragrance of mimosa! . . . Sir Denis Nayland Smith, for years a great Scotland Yard operative, arrives. He agrees with Captain Woodville, of the Secret Service, that the party is in imminent peril. El Mokanna's followers, determined to steal the green box, will hesitate at nothing. "For some reason," he says, "they need those relics. They now have a mysterious leader. They're convinced the Prophet has been reborn. Behind the Sword of God, they are planning to spread El Mokanna's 'New Creed'—and the whole East is in danger!"

Rima has taken photographs of the relics. These, for reasons of his own, Sir Lionel takes to Solomon Ishak, a jeweler. . . . That night, acting on Sir Denis' orders, Shan stations himself in Sir Lionel's room, into which the box has been moved. If the *thing*—the "Flying Death"—comes, it must enter through the window. Hours pass. Nothing happens. Then there comes the sound of a soft impact, and the shutters begin to open!

III

THE shutters opened so silently and so slowly that only by the closest watching could I detect the movement. There was no creaking.

A window of the Ghost Mosque on the opposite side of the street, looking like a black smudge on a dirty yellow canvas, came just in line with the edge of the left-hand shutter. And only by the ever-increasing gap of yellow between the woodwork and the smudge of shadow, could I tell what was happening.

The effect was slowly to add to the light in the room. I felt myself shrinking back farther into my hiding place.

My ghoulish imaginings came to a head.

Some vampire creature from the ancient cemetery was about to spring in. More than once since the relics of El Mokanna had come into our possession I had laughed at Rima's superstitious terrors, but at this moment I admit frankly that I shared them.

Ispahân lay around me, silent as a city of the past. I might have been alone in Persia. And always the fear was with me that Nayland Smith, for all his peculiar genius, had misjudged the circumstances which had led to the death of van Berg; that I was about to be subjected to a test greater than my spiritual strength could cope with.

What I should have done at this moment had I been a free agent, I cannot even guess. But I doubt if I could have remained there silent and watching.

Fortunately, I was under orders. I meant to carry those orders out to the letter. But in honesty I must record that during the interminable moments which elapsed from the time that some incredible creature had alighted outside the window to the moment that the shutters became fully opened, I doubted the wisdom of Nayland Smith. . . .

A vague mass rose inch by inch over the window ledge; grew higher—denser, as it seemed to me; and, with a wriggling movement indescribably horrible, reached the top of that low cupboard which extended below the window—and crouched or lay there.

I had formed absolutely no conception of outline. The entrance of the nocturnal creature had been effected in such a manner that definition was impossible. This was the point, I think, at which my courage almost touched the vanishing point.

What was the thing on top of the cupboard? Something which could fly—something which had no determinate shape. . . .

I KNEW that the visitor was inspecting the room keenly. To me, as I have said, it seemed to have become brightly illuminated. Gun in hand, I shrank farther and farther away from the narrow opening through which I was peering, until my back was flat against the wall.

That vague outline which disturbed the square of the open window disappeared. A very soft thud, which must have been inaudible to ears less keenly attuned than mine, told me that the visitant, almost certainly the slayer of van Berg, had dropped onto the floor, and was now in the room with me.

I peered into the darkness left of the big, littered table. Something was approaching the bed . . . going, I thought, *on all fours*.

Definitely, the approach was oblique—that is, not in my direction. I was conscious of a shock of relief. I had not been seen.

Something glittered dully in the reflected light, and I heard a very faint swishing sound, almost the first, excepting the thud, which had betrayed the presence of this nocturnal assassin.

At first it puzzled me, and then suddenly to my mind an explanation sprang:

The creature was spraying the bed. . . .

Ideas quickly associated themselves; for at this same moment there was swept to my nostrils an almost overpowering perfume of mimosa—the same that had haunted poor van Berg's room.

It was some unfamiliar but tremendously potent anesthetic.

In the instant that realization came to me, I knew also that the horrible visitor was not a supernatural creature, but human. True, his agility was far above the ordinary, and his powers of silent movement were uncanny.

He was evidently armed with some kind of spray; and during the time that its curiously soothing sound continued, I found, so oddly does the mind react to indefinable fear, that my thoughts had wandered. I was thinking about an account I had once read of a mysterious creature known as Spring-heeled Jack, who terrorized outlying parts of London many years ago.

For the fact remained that this man, now endeavoring to reduce the occupant of the bed to unconsciousness, could apparently spring to high windows, quite beyond the reach of any human jumper, and, indeed, beyond the reach of any member of the animal kingdom!

The swishing sound ceased. Absolute silence followed. . . .

Peer intensely as I would, I could detect no trace of another presence in the room. But I knew exactly what was happening. The unimaginable man who had come through the window was crouching somewhere and listening. Probably he was counting silently, knowing how many seconds must elapse before the unknown drug which smelled like mimosa should reduce the sleeper to unconsciousness—or, perhaps, bring death about. . . .

Distant though I was from the bed, that sickly sweet odor was making me dizzy.

Fully a minute elapsed. I could hear no sound, could detect no movement. But during that age-long minute I observed a vague white patch in the darkness; and presently I identified it. It was made by the initials painted on the green iron box.

And as I watched, this white patch became obscured.

A SOUND disturbed that all but insufferable silence—a sound of heavy breathing. Then, silhouetted against the window . . . I saw the intruder.

I saw a small, lithe body, muscular arms uplifted, the green box borne upon the right shoulder.

My finger trembled upon the trigger, but Nayland Smith's instructions had been definite. The man bore the box to the end of the room. Here shadow from the cupboard swallowed him up. Preceded by very little noise, the square outline of the box now appeared upon the top of the cupboard.

He had raised it above his head and placed it there, by which circumstance, since he appeared to be a small man, I was able to judge of his extraordinary strength.

My heart was beating very fast and I realized that I was holding my breath. I inhaled deeply, watching, now, the square of the opened window. A silhouetted arm appeared above the box, then a shoulder, and,

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finally, the whole of a lean body.

The midnight visitor was a Negro, or a member of some very dark race, wearing only a black loin cloth: his features I could not see.

His movements interested me intensely. Stooping, he bent over the box. Certain metallic sounds told me that the iron handles at either end were being moved.

Then, as I watched . . . the box disappeared!

The black man alone, a crouching silhouette, remained outlined in the open window. The box had gone; incredible fact —but the box had gone! Silently, save for a distant thud, that heavy iron chest had been "vanished" from the room as a conjurer's coin vanishes!

AN INTERVAL followed, my reactions during which I cannot hope to describe, until presently I saw that the crouching figure was performing a sort of hauling movement. This movement ceased.

He stood suddenly upright . . . and disappeared.

That vague supernatural dread which latterly I had shaken off swept back again like a cloud, touching me coldly. The window space was perfectly blank, now. The iron box had gone; the black man had gone. This miracle had been achieved with scarcely any sound!

The legend of Spring-heeled Jack crossed my mind again. Then I was up. My period of enforced inactivity was ended.

I pressed the button of my light, and springing out from behind the big trunk, directed a ray along the narrow room. The air was still heavy with the vague, sickly perfume of mimosa; but I gave no glance at the pillow which had been sprayed with this strange anesthetic. The bed had been carefully prepared by Nayland Smith to produce the appearance of a sleeper.

"An old dodge of mine, Greville," he had said, "which will certainly fail if the enemy suspects that I am here."

Either the enemy did not suspect, or, like the ancient confidence trick, it was a device which age did not wither, nor custom stale. . . .

As though it had been a prearranged cue, that flash of light in the empty room heralded a sound—*the* sound . . . an indescribable humming which rose and rose, developed into a sort of wail, then died away like muted roaring. . . .

I must explain at this point that from the moment of the figure's disappearance from the window to that when, switching on the light, I ran forward, only a very few seconds had elapsed.

Leaping upon the low cupboard, and staring down into the street, I witnessed a singular spectacle.

That extraordinary sound, the origin of which had defied all speculation, was still audible, and since it seemed to come from somewhere high above my head, my first impulse was to look up.

I did not do so, however.

At the moment that I sprang into the open window, my glance was instantly drawn *downward*. I saw a figure—that of the black creature who had just quitted the room — apparently suspended in space, midway across the street!

His arm raised above his head, he was *soaring* upward towards a window of the Ghost Mosque!

"Good God!" I said aloud, "it isn't human. . . ."

There came a wild scream. The flying figure faltered—the upraised arms dropped—and he was dashed with a dull thud against the wall of the mosque, some eight feet below the window. From there he fell sheerly to the street below. A second sickening thud reached my ears. . . .

THE crack of a pistol, a sharp spurt of flame from the gallery of the minaret far above my head, drew my glance upward now. I saw a black-robed, black-faced figure there, bathed in brilliant moonlight, bending over the rail and firing down upon the roof of the mosque below!

Once he fired, and moved farther around the gallery. A second time. And then, as he disappeared from view, I heard the sound of a third shot. . . .

Pandemonium awakened in the house about me. Ali Mahmoud was unfastening the heavy bolt which closed the front door. Rima's voice came from the landing above:

"Shan! Shan! Are you all right?"

"All right, dear!" I shouted.

Turning, I ran along the room and out into the corridor. I heard Barton's great voice growling impatiently in the lobby below. But before I could reach him he had raced out into the street. Ali, rifle in hand, followed him, and I brought up the rear.

Far above, Rima leaned from an open window, and:

"For God's sake, be careful!" she cried. "I can see something moving along the roof of the mosque!"

"Don't worry!" I called, reassuringly. "We're all armed."

I was bending over a figure lying in the dust, a figure at which Sir Lionel was already staring down with an indescribable expression. It was that, as I saw now quite clearly, of a small but powerfully built Negro.

He presented an unpleasant spectacle by reason of the fact that he had evidently dashed his skull against the wall of the mosque at the end of that incredible flight from side to side of the street. He wore, as I had thought, nothing but a dark loin cloth.

Thrust into this, where it was visible as he lay huddled up and half upon his face, was a dull, metal object which gleamed in the rays of our flashlights. For, although moonlight illuminated the minaret and upper part of the mosque, the street itself was a black gully. Stooping, I examined this object more closely.

It was a metal spray, such as dentists use. Its purpose I had already seen demonstrated; then:

"Look at his hands!" the chief said huskily. "What is he holding?"

AT FIRST I found it difficult to reply; then I realized that the Negro was clutching two large iron hooks to which had been attached a seemingly endless thread of what looked like catgut, no thicker than the D string of a violin. The truth was still far from my mind; when:

"A West African," Sir Lionel continued—"probably from the Slave Coast. What in hell's name brought such a bird to Persia?"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "he was sold. Slavery is still practiced in these parts."

Further speculation on the point was ended by a sudden loud cry from the minaret:

"Stand by, there!"

Sir Lionel, Ali Mahmoud and I raised our heads. A tall figure draped in a black native robe stood on the gallery. Upright, now, moonlight silvering his hair, I knew him. It was Nayland Smith!

"Ali Mahmoud!" he shouted, "round to the side door of the mosque, and shoot anything you see moving. Barton! Stand by the main door, where you can cover three windows. Let nothing come out. Quick, Greville! You know the way into the minaret. Up to me!"

An open stone stairway, built around the interior wall, afforded a means of reaching the platform of the minaret from that point of entrance to which Nayland Smith had directed me. There was an inner gallery, high above my head, to which formerly the muezzin had gained access from a chamber.

My footsteps as I clambered upward, breathing hard, echoed around the shell of that ancient tower in a weird, uncanny tattoo. It may seem to have been a bad time for thought, but my brain was racing faster than my feet could carry me.

Some dawning perception of the means by which poor van Berg had been assassinated was creeping into my mind. In some way the acrobatic murderer had *swung* into the room, probably from one of the windows of the mosque. The hooks which he still clasped in his hands had afforded him a grip, no doubt, and earlier had been hitched to the handles of the iron box, which had been swung to its destination in the same way.

But remembering the slender line—resembling a violin string—which we had found attached to those hooks, I met with doubt again. The thing was plainly impossible.

I REACHED the opening into the gallery, and paused for a while. This extended, right, into darkness which the ray of my light failed to penetrate. Before me was a low, narrow door, giving access to a winding wooden stair which would lead me to the platform above.

The idea of that passage penetrating into the darkness of the haunted mosque was definitely unpleasant. And casting one final glance along it, I resumed my journey. I stumbled several times on those stairs, which were narrow and dilapidated, but presently found the disk of the moon blazing in my face, and knew that I had reached the platform.

"Greville!" came in Nayland Smith's inimitable, snappy voice.

(Continued on page 42)

I saw the black creature who had just quitted the room apparently suspended in space, midway across the street

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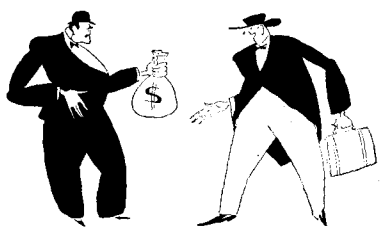
Politics is a Business

By Mary T. Norton

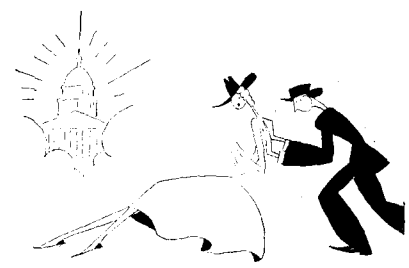
Member of the House of Representatives

And it's a woman's business as well as a man's, says Mrs. Norton, recently appointed "Mayor of Washington." She has made it hers for the past eleven years—long enough to discover a number of illuminating things about men, women and politics



It is the crooked business or professional man who leads on the crooked politician

We worked harder *for* the vote than we have worked *with* it



Men ought not only to welcome women into politics, but even to push them there

WOMEN of Great Britain, it is generally admitted, decided the general election of 1931. Women in the United States, it is my profound conviction, will swing the Presidential election in 1932. I believe that they are coming out of their shell, the shell of conservatism and indifference from which many women have been slow to emerge into the political world, despite woman suffrage.

Personal interests naturally are the first concern of all of us, and it has taken time for some feminine citizens to learn that there is no way in which their personal interests are not affected by government. Years of depression, added to years of prohibition, have completed many a woman's political education.

While I entered the House of Representatives in 1924, I had been a member of the New Jersey Democratic State Committee since 1920 and have been its vice chairman since 1921. For over eleven years I have done organization work among thousands of women. The growth of political consciousness among them, during the last two years especially, has been amazing.

Women in whom I could not arouse the smallest spark of interest concerning the tariff four years ago now come asking me for all the information I can place at their disposal. Depression and its accompanying unemployment, with its menace to homes and children, are the political issue on which the women are going to be heard next autumn.

Women also, it seems to me, are ready to register their opinion on a prohibition referendum, and I think that the majority of women are more than ready to vote for some sort of prohibition reform.

In the spring of 1930 I said to a meeting of the Democratic National Committee:

"No class of people knows better than women what prohibition has done to the children of this country. We know that morality has decreased. As a woman, I know women want a change."

After the newspapers printed this speech, letters came to me from women all over the country. The majority upheld my viewpoint and, of that majority, letter after letter began, significantly: "Although I used to believe in prohibition—"

In addition to its other evils, prohibition has become the curse of politics. Before long, the only question asked about a candidate to serve in the greatest parliamentary body in the civilized world will be: "Is he (or she) for or against prohibition?" What an indictment of a great country!

A sufficient number of courageous leaders should take this issue out of politics.

Don't Be Personal

How I welcome all the signs which point to women's increased political activity during the coming campaign! There is a degree of truth in the criticism that we worked harder *for* the vote than we have worked *with* it, since the passage of the suffrage amendment. The more I see of politics, the more certain I am that too many able women have adopted the policy of political noncoöperation.

Ordinary tact and the willingness to coöperate would release the real, if latent, political power of many women who think they can do nothing except draw aside their skirts and repeat the parrot cries about the "corruption" of politics and the "crookedness" of politicians.

Politics is a business and as such has the same opportunity for decency as any other business. If it is "rotten," it is not because of the business but because of those engaged in it. And the dishonest minority of politicians often have been corrupted by the unusual temptations offered them through persons outside the political world. It is the crooked business or professional man who, nine times out of ten, leads on the crooked politician.

Eight years in Congress have done more than confirm my faith in the integrity of a majority of those working at the business of government. I know that they are trying to do their jobs as well as they can. I believe that Congress often has been unfairly criticized. It is my conviction that it would be difficult to find a more earnest, hard-working group of intelligent men and women anywhere in the world than are to be found in the Congress of the United States.

Some of the most useful members are to be found among my women colleagues. The reëlection of a number of them proves that they have made good on their merits—especially as it is an open secret that certain men politicians back home considered one term, or even a part of one term, enough of a compliment to pay to the fair sex.

Men, I think, ought not only to welcome women into politics, but even to push them there when necessary. For women hold the balance of political power, and some day they are bound to find it out. Then, if they have not learned to work with men, men may find women working against them!

Women themselves are largely responsible for the fact that the number holding public office is still small. There is no royal road to political preferment. One suffers the same disillusionment, the same difficulties that are experienced in any other profession or business.

Especially do women need to get away from the personal viewpoint which is the obsession of my sex. Personal jealousies and hurt feelings have no place in the business of politics. When the efficient leader of the organization wants someone for a particular job, he picks the man or woman who can do that job best—and his personal likings do not enter into the matter! It seems so hard for many women to grasp this truth.

They have been held back, too, by their political half-heartedness. We may just as well realize that in politics, as in every other human endeavor, you get about what you give. And no woman can afford to underestimate the demands made upon a public servant.

Women seriously in politics must subordinate personal disappointments and control their emotions. They must think straight. If they have courage and cold logic, if they are sincere, intelligent, honest and ready when opportunity knocks on the door, they will receive recognition in the end.

Already they are acknowledged to be fine political workers. They have few tricks and are conscientious. During the recent gubernatorial campaign in my state, every man leader with whom I came in contact expressed himself as greatly indebted to the women in his district for distinctive service. That probably was a big factor in our victory. In the many campaigns where I have worked with members of my own sex, they have shown splendid loyalty. You hear that women are cats, but I have not found them so. The right sort are much needed in politics.

And where else can they find more interesting and useful work, especially in middle age? It is natural for a young woman, busy with little children or with making her own way in life, to defer her interest in government, but what better job for grandmothers? Certainly it is preferable to meddling with their grandchildren, whose bringing-up should be the father's and mother's work.

I like politics both because of the innumerable human contacts involved, and because of the fundamental problems in human welfare solved through legislation and political influence. Such problems have challenged my best efforts in my most recent political task, that of chairman of the House District of Columbia Committee, or "Mayor of Washington." It has been my earnest desire to serve the voteless people of the Capital as they should be served, to govern Washington as the splendid big city that it is.

A Working Principle

I like politics—but I am glad my father had a great sense of humor. If one has not (and I mean the natural, not the cultivated quality), one had better select some other business.

With her sense of humor, the woman in politics must combine common sense and a sense of sportsmanship. To bring out, finally, the best that is in her, she needs a sense of dedication. I shall always remember what a supposedly hard-boiled politician of the old school told me when I was first elected to Congress, —the first and at that time the only woman to represent the Democratic party—and was so scared by the honor and the responsibility that I literally could not sleep nights.

"You've only one thing to remember," this veteran said. "You've been elected by the people of the Twelfth District and you go down to Washington to serve the people." His quiet voice deepened a note, to emphasize the last three words. "Do that," he went on; "serve the people—and you'll win their trust. That's all there is to it."

Politics is a business—but, conducted on this simple principle, doesn't it seem an inspiring business? After eight years in Congress, I can say honestly that I am more than ever an optimist—about politics, about people and about the power of the people.

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Fighting Mad

As a rookie, Ty Cobb was despised by his Detroit team-mates. They shunned him socially, hampered his playing and advised rival pitchers to "dust him off" with the deadly "bean ball." Such persecution would ruin most young ball players, but it helped make Ty Cobb

By Grantland Rice

IF ALL the rough breaks a fellow bumped into left nothing in their wake except misery and defeat, life on this planet would soon become too rasping for any human to face. The football player has to take his share of jolts, thumps, falls and bruises before he is ready for a hard game. The good fighter has to take more than one hard hammering before he is a good fighter.

The uphill road is nearly always a rough one. For one of the best examples of this brand of philosophy we might turn back to the earlier years of Tyrus Raymond Cobb, who is still credited with more runs, more base hits and more stolen bases than any other man in baseball history.

Ty Cobb had one of the toughest starts any rookie ever faced when he went to Detroit back around 1905. It was the sort of start that would have broken the spirit of an ordinary competitor. But, as things turned out, Cobb admits that the hard going he had to face in those early big-league days did him more good as a ball player than anything else.

Late in the season of 1905 Cobb went from Augusta to Detroit, where he played in forty-one games and only batted .240. At that time he was a few months shy of being nineteen years old, a peppery youth with outstanding ambitions and a world of spirit. In those days the veteran ball player was not so keen on helping young recruits.

Adversity That Bred Talent

Cobb at the start was anxious to be on good terms with the rest of his teammates, but early differences soon developed between the hot-tempered Georgian and a certain clique on the Detroit club. In the spring of 1906 the battle was soon on in earnest. He literally had to fight his way to a place on the team, through more than one gory mix-up in the southern training camp and later back north.

So Cobb was left alone. He was no longer the keen, cheerful youth who had come north to find fame and fortune in a big-league uniform. He was a lone wolf who felt that the world was against him. But he did something more than brood. He made up his mind to buck the tide, to fight it out, to prove his place among the stars of the game. So, night after night as he sat alone, he began to figure out plays that might be tried next day or later on. He began to make a more careful study of the pitchers he was facing, what they had and how they used it.

It was during one of these evenings of contemplation that he decided to run wild just often enough to keep his opponents guessing. He decided that the most effective method of attack was to break down his opponents' mental balance and force them into hurried throws. He was a quick starter and he had blazing speed to back up his plan, but his wild baserunning had a method back of it. It was about this time that certain rival pitchers on other teams had been advised to "dust off" Cobb at the plate, using the "bean ball" for this purpose. Cobb had to invent some way of breaking up this practice. He found it. Being an expert bunter, when a pitcher started feeding a few fast ones in the direction of Cobb's head the Georgian would wait for the chance and then bunt down the first-base line. When the pitcher came over to field the bunt Cobb's retaliation along the base line was quite effective. The ensuing collision usually made the pitcher more careful of his control.

Through all this hardening process Cobb became as close to "human steel" as one could ever hope to be. What he considered persecution built up a fire that flamed for over twenty years. He went out to lead his league in batting every year if possible, and he succeeded in twelve out of thirteen consecutive seasons. He allowed himself no rest, either mentally or physically. Cobb led his league at bat nine years in a row.

Such a long period of success would have taken the keen edge from most competitors. They would have been surfeited with success and willing to ease up a trifle. But Ty was just as keen to lead again in his tenth campaign and even after his record run was finally stopped he came tearing back to head the parade again for the next three years.

Cobb needed early adversity to spur him into becoming one of the greatest stars sport has ever known.

I recall the time when Chapman, Cleveland's star ball player, was killed accidentally by a fast ball from Carl Mays, the Yankee pitcher. Feeling at the moment was high in both camps. Detroit that afternoon was playing in Boston, where Cobb was quoted to the effect that Mays' action had been deliberate. Cobb always insisted that he gave out no interview on the subject and that it had never occurred to him that Mays or anyone else would deliberately try to kill or maim another player.

When Detroit came to New York a day or two later, however, the crowd's hostility toward Cobb had almost reached the mobbing stage. I remember Ty saying at the time—"It isn't very pleasant to enter a park and hear forty thousand of your fellow men boo and hiss you, especially for something you never had said or done."

Again the average contestant would have crumpled up under this attack. But again Cobb made up his mind to get back at the crowd with the greatest baseball left in his system. And in that game he had one of his greatest afternoons, with a spectacular assault of hits, runs and stolen bases.

Baseball's Best Records

Some time later I made a morning call on Cobb when the Tigers were playing at New York. He was still in bed and suffering from a heavy cold and a temperature around 102. In addition to this his legs, almost from ankle to thigh, were covered with adhesive tape—he had been sliding over baked-out ground. He should have been in a hospital.

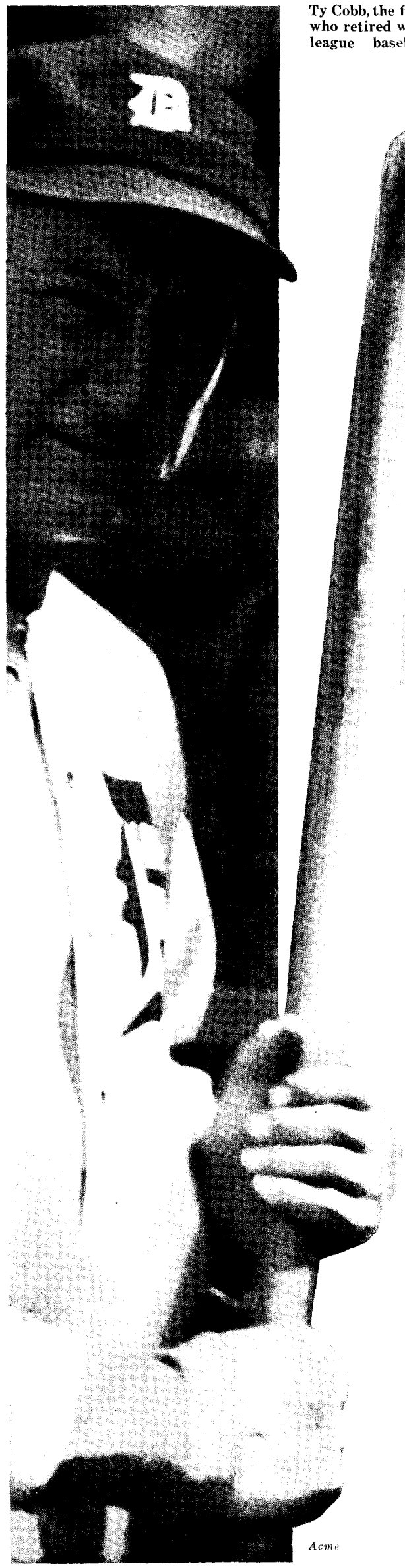
"You are not going to try to play today, are you?" I asked him.

"I've got to," he said. "We are crippled now and I can't afford to stay out." Cobb was crippled enough for four men, but that afternoon he made three hits and stole two bases.

Cobb finished his twenty-four years of big-league baseball with 3,033 games, 4,191 hits, 2,244 runs and 892 stolen bases. I doubt that anyone now living will ever see that record broken, for he had traveled at top speed, giving everything he had, for nearly a quarter of a century. Even in his twenty-third year he batted .357, scored over a hundred runs and stole twenty-two bases, well above the average of young stars in their prime today.

Of course in those earlier days Cobb was none too easy to get along with. He had no desire to step into any self-made feud, but he was sensitive and quick-tempered and after one or two hard mix-ups it is easy to see how he reached the conclusion that fate and the world were against him. It was partly the result of this early hammering that crowds later on were to see him travel from the plate to second base on a bunt; to score from second on an infield tap; to score from second on an outfield fly; to start on a wild tear around the bases that only ended at the plate as wild and hurried infield throws tried to stop him.

One answer to this is that a hard, rough start is a greater trainer and a finer developer if the contestant has enough courage and spirit to stand the gaff. It was such a start that helped to give Ty Cobb a record that is still well beyond the best that any ball player has ever known.



Ty Cobb, the fiery Georgian who retired with 24 major-league baseball records

Acme

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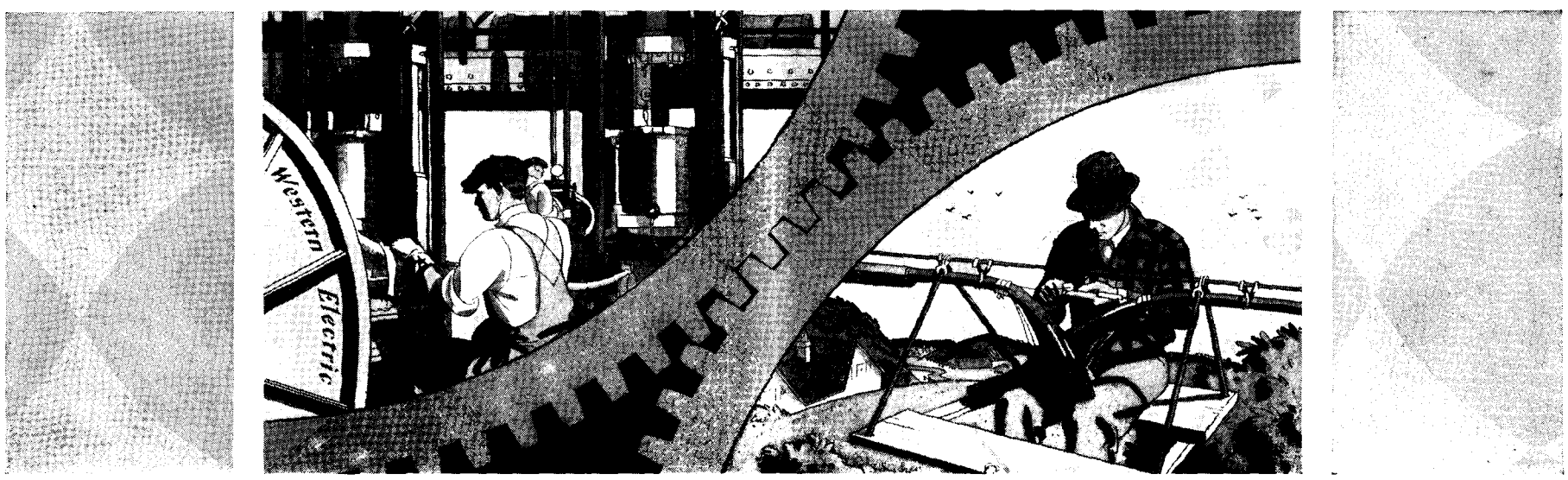

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As maker of Bell telephone apparatus since 1882, Western Electric has done much to insure the uniformly high standard of quality so necessary for efficient and reliable telephone service. From its three factories, Western Electric ships telephones, cable, switchboards, and telephone equipment of many kinds.

Yet, important as this manufacturing is, it is only one phase of Western Electric's service to the Bell System. Purchasing and distributing supplies and telephone apparatus are its two other broad duties. To make telephone supplies available where and when needed, Western Electric operates a nationwide distributing organization—an industry in itself.

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

We want you to KNOW

THE FAMOUS PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY AND TEN LEADING UNIVERSITIES IN AN IMPARTIAL NATIONWIDE STUDY TESTED THE WEARING QUALITIES OF FOUR LEADING BRANDS OF TIRES

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Working in conjunction with ten great engineering schools, we have just completed a nationwide survey to determine the tread wear expectancy of the four leading makes of tires—the miles of safe driving to the point where the tread is worn smooth under the average of all conditions of automobile operation. We supervised the entire investigation, audited all results, and attest to the accuracy of the findings. Our conclusions, based on this survey, are as follows: With the tires showing the lowest mileage valued at 100, the relative tread wear expectancy values for the four makes of tires examined are these:

Tire A	**100**
Tire B	**100**
Tire C	**108**
U. S. ROYAL	**115**

PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

President

U.S. TIRES

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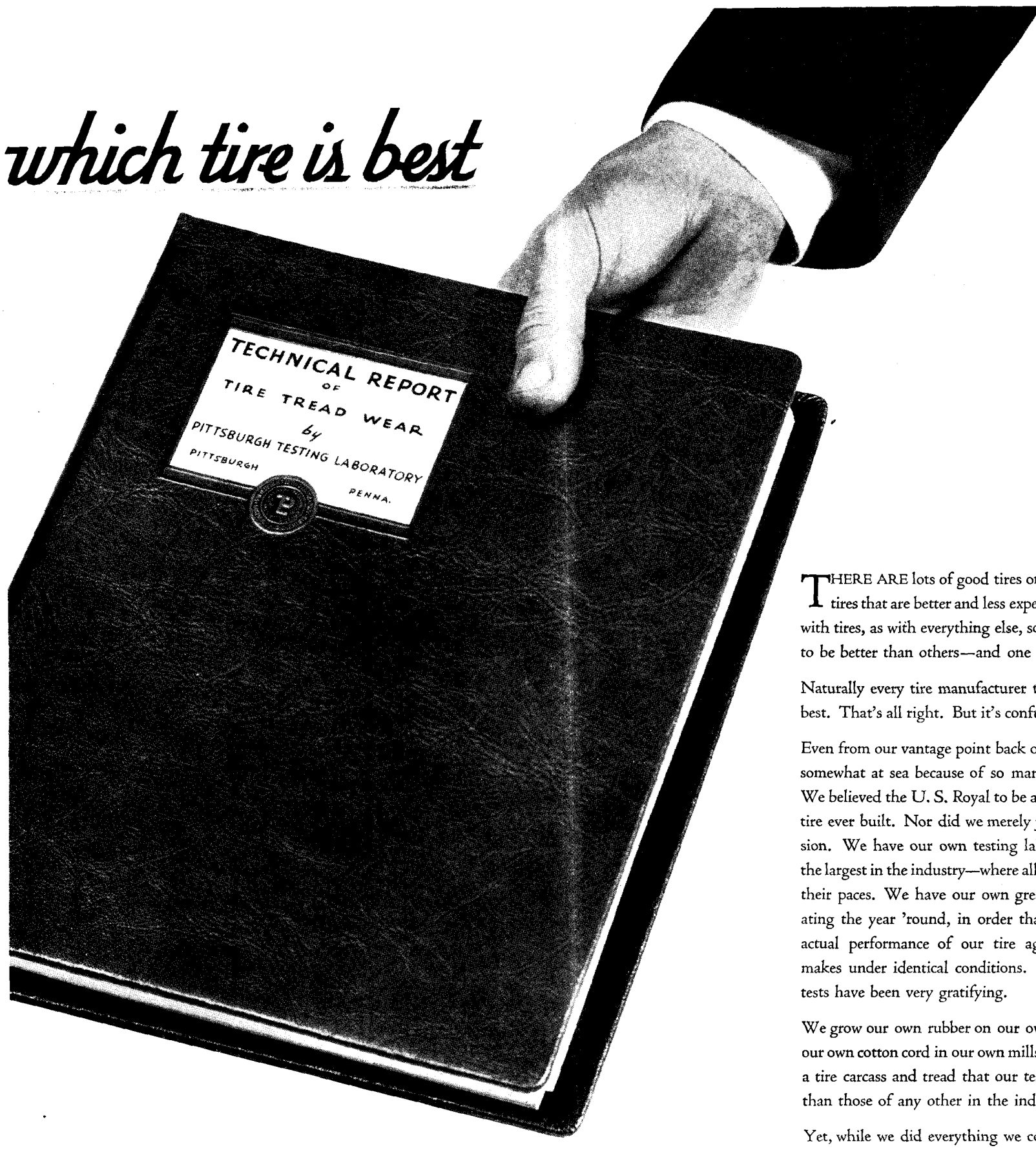
which tire is best



THERE ARE lots of good tires on the market today—tires that are better and less expensive than ever. Yet with tires, as with everything else, some kinds are bound to be better than others—and one kind better than all.

Naturally every tire manufacturer thinks his product is best. That's all right. But it's confusing.

Even from our vantage point back of the scenes, we were somewhat at sea because of so many conflicting claims. We believed the U. S. Royal to be at least as good as any tire ever built. Nor did we merely jump to that conclusion. We have our own testing laboratories—probably the largest in the industry—where all tires are put through their paces. We have our own great testing fleet, operating the year 'round, in order that we may check the actual performance of our tire against that of other makes under identical conditions. The results of these tests have been very gratifying.

We grow our own rubber on our own plantations, make our own cotton cord in our own mills, and have developed a tire carcass and tread that our tests show to be better than those of any other in the industry.

Yet, while we did everything we could do to prove and improve U. S. Royal, there still remained the motorist, the ultimate tire buyer. "Surely," we said, "the man who spends his good money for a tire is entitled to cold, hard, indisputable facts that he can get his teeth into with the certainty of conviction."

To get such facts, the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory was retained. Their findings, we believe, constitute the most conclusive evidence ever presented to America motorists.

QUICK DETAILS OF THE NATIONWIDE ANALYSIS

PURPOSE—To determine scientifically the tread wear expectancy of the leading brands of those tire manufacturers who produce 78 per cent of the American output.

MADE BY—The Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory with the co-operation of ten leading universities.

WHERE MADE—In 83 towns and cities in all parts of the United States.

HOW MADE—From speedometer and instrument readings on tires in actual service on owners' cars.

FIELD WORK—Done under the supervision of engineering professors, each working independently in the various survey areas.

COMPILATION—Each engineering professor audited the data from his survey area before forwarding to the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory for final audit and compilation into the national finding.

IMPARTIAL—The United States Rubber Company had no hand in the analysis, had no knowledge of the results being obtained, accepted without question or alteration the audited findings of the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory.

United States Rubber Company

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The Happy Worrier

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Dana Burnet

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

"Int'restin'!" echoed Mr. Pinney loudly. "Read that! Read that and tell me if I ain't right to say the race o' mankind is a-livin' in a fool's paradise!"

FOR the first time in the fifty-odd years of his existence, Lucius Pinney, of Buxton, Connecticut, had nothing to worry about. After a lifetime of hard work, of incessant struggle against obstacles which he viewed with chronic alarm, he found himself suddenly successful, secure.

He had sold his business—the Buxton Elite Lunch—for a good profit. The money was soundly invested in first mortgages. The substantial life-endowment policy which he had carried, with great effort and tribulation of spirit, for twenty long years had now matured. His only daughter was happily married to the son of the local druggist. His wife, Mabel, had recovered completely from her neuritis.

But Lucius was utterly miserable.

"It ain't that I'm ungrateful," he said to Mabel, his wife, as they sat one winter evening in the warm parlor of their snug little home on Main Street. "But it don't seem right, somehow, to have everythin' so slicked up and sort o' settled. Man is born to trouble. 'Tain't natural, I say, not to have it."

"Why don't you go down to the barber shop?" suggested Mabel, hopefully. "You ain't been there for a month past. 'Twould do you good."

Lucius shook his head.

"THEM fellers," he said gloomily, "ain't got no sense into 'em. Last time I was down there, I tried to tell Jed Persons that the country was a-goin' to the dogs. Jed, he only laughed and s'e to me: 'If it does,' s'e, 'you'll git elected dog-catcher.'"

"Jed Persons's a fool," replied Mabel. "And besides, you need a hair-cut."

"Ain't a-goin'," stated Lucius stubbornly; and retired behind the editorial page of the Buxton Evening Intelligencer. He always read the editorial page minutely, hoping to find some paragraph that would justify his constitutional pessimism.

Mabel Pinney sighed inwardly, and picked up her sewing. In her mind's eye she could see her bosom friend, Bessie Blodgett, entering the bright maw of the Palace Theater, on lower Main Street, and hurrying down the aisle to secure her favorite seat in the exact center of the second row. Mabel longed to join Bessie. Once or twice weekly for years, while their respective husbands held forth in the barber shop, the two friends had stolen away together to taste the raptures of Hollywood's inspirations.

But Mabel hadn't seen a picture for weeks. The unusual restraint was making her unhappy. She was almost as depressed as Lucius.

"HOW would you like to go down to the Palace," she ventured timidly, "and see the picture there? It's a real funny picture, they say."

"Funny!" exclaimed her husband. "Yes, that's it! Everything's funny now'days. Everything's a joke."

He folded up his newspaper, took off his spectacles and rose.

"You're just like all the rest," he said. "You don't see the black clouds that's a-hangin' over the head of mankind. I don't know what they be, but I know they're a-hangin' there."

With which sinister pronouncement Mr. Pinney marched upstairs to bed.

"My Lord!" thought Mabel. "If he don't find somethin' to worry 'bout he'll have me in an as'lum."

Another month passed. Lucius was worse than ever. He scarcely ever left the house. He was afraid someone would tell him how lucky he was. Poor Mabel was almost beside herself. She tried to argue with him, she tried losing her temper, she tried tears. All to no avail. Mr. Pinney simply would not give up those black clouds, even though —to his great annoyance—he didn't know just what they were.

Then approached a Saturday when the picture scheduled at the Palace was something Mabel Pinney wanted very much to see. It was Clark Gable's latest, and she decided she would just lie down and die unless she saw it. She made up her mind not to die.

Saturday night came. They had finished supper and were sitting in the parlor. Lucius was reading the Intelligencer. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation. The gleam of an ineffable satisfaction was in his eyes.

"What is it, Lucius?" said Mabel. "Did you see somethin' in the paper that was int'restin'?"

"Int'restin'!" echoed Mr. Pinney loudly. He pointed to the "Letters From Our Readers" column on the editorial page. "Read that! Read that and tell me if I ain't right to say the race o' mankind is a-livin' in a fool's paradise!"

MABEL took the paper and read as follows:

"To the Editor. Dear Sir: While traveling in Europe last summer I attended a meeting of the world's greatest scientists held in Paris, France. At this meeting a famous German scientist proved that a comet would strike the world and destroy it in the year 1932. Why don't people pay more attention to such a warning? I have not seen a word about it in the papers.

"Yours truly,

"YALE PROFESSOR."

Mabel looked up from the paper.

"Land sakes!" she said.

"Yes," said Mr. Pinney. "There it is. The world comin' to an end, and nobody payin' no heed to it. I'd like to know what Jed Persons'll have to say to *that!*"

Dramatically he folded up the Intelligencer and placed it in his pocket. "I'm going to the barber shop," he said —and strode out of the room. The front door banged heartily behind him. A moment later it banged behind Mabel, his wife.

She entered the Palace Theater just as the lights were being dimmed for the presentation of the picture. She groped her way down the aisle and saw, in the center of the second row, the stout, unmistakable figure of Bessie Blodgett, sitting erect and gently quivering.

Mabel sank down ecstatically beside her friend.

"Bessie!" she breathed.

"Why, Mabel! How'd you get out? What's happened?"

"It's all right," whispered Mabel. "Everythin's all right. Lucius has found somethin' to worry 'bout, and he's gone down to the barber shop to spread the bad news."

"What is it?" inquired Bessie.

"Well," said Mabel, as a hunting picture of the Prince of Wales was thrown upon the screen, "Lucius read a letter in the Intelligencer tonight, sayin' that the world is comin' to an end. I wrote that letter myself. Made it up out of my own head and sent it to the paper and he swallowed it hook, line and sinker. I got the idea," added Mabel, with a faint giggle, "from a picture I saw here two months ago."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Bessie.

"Yes," sighed Mabel, "that's what I say. You never know what you'll git out o' goin' to the movies. . . . Sakes alive, Bessie! I do believe the Prince is lookin' older!"

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"THE BLADE FOR MEN THAT *ARE* MEN"

● Attention — you regular men with "untamable" beards. Probak is the blade for you. Here's a sturdy, smooth-shaving blade that's especially made to shave tough bristles without pull or irritation. Its shaving edges are exceptionally keen — honed and stropped for easy strokes through grizzled stubble. Try Probak on our guarantee and make peace with your beard. Know the comfort of shaving with a blade that's really designed for you. Buy a package of Probaks today. Use a blade or two at our risk. If you aren't thoroughly satisfied return the package with the unused blades and your dealer will refund the purchase price.

PROBAK BLADES

THE BLADE FOR MEN THAT *ARE* MEN

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"Is this failing confined to the feminine sex?"

SINCE WHEN?
chorus the women

▼▼ A woman from California is the author of a rather scathing letter we have just received.

"I seem to be getting a little weary of the advice you heap upon us women about perspiration odor.

"*We* must realize the danger. *We* must not risk disillusioning the men. *We* must use something regularly, other than our daily bath.

"All right, we admit it. And most of us do something about it.

"But since when has perspiration odor become a failing of the feminine sex exclusively? Don't men perspire? Is there any good reason why *they* shouldn't do something about its unpleasant effects?

"Call us unreasonable if you dare."

▼▼ Well, we don't dare, do we, men? Why not look at this thing squarely—especially since perspiration odor is such an easy thing to avoid?

Just half a minute morning or evening when you dress is all you need. A little Mum rubbed under each arm and you *can't* offend with perspiration odor.

Mum is an instant cream deodorant. It's harmless to skin and clothing. It doesn't interfere with natural perspiration processes—just destroys disagreeable body odor.

Keep a jar of Mum in the bathroom; take it in your traveling bag; it can't spill or scatter. Be safe *all* day *every* day—with Mum. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

USE MUM ON BURNING FEET. When your feet are hot and perspiring rub lightly with Mum. It is so soothing and cooling. Destroys every trace of odor and keeps hose fresher.

Spanish Goal

Continued from page 19

in a few months where only five hundred had come in seventy-five years. The drowsy Spanish village became a raucous cosmopolitan metropolis. San Francisco has never known a purely American period.

If you had arrived in San Francisco in 1849—after passage on a ship built to accommodate seventy-five passengers, but actually carrying five hundred, and charging each hundreds of dollars more than you would have to pay for the same trip on the finest liners today; or after a perilous trek over plains, deserts and mountains, fighting off Indians, barely cheating death by thirst or starvation—here is what you would have seen, heard and done on your first day in town:

There are a score of old houses in the Spanish style around the Plaza: this is the original village, turned gray by the sea winds. Thousands of new shacks surround it, their unpainted lumber still yellow. From the Bay, San Francisco looks like an old torn patchwork quilt thrown out over the hills to rot. You land, to seek lodgings. The smallest and cheapest room you can find will cost you $5 a day; it is a cubbyhole, partitioned by cloth, with a paper ceiling, and your next-room neighbor might as well be in your room with you.

For a bed you'll have a single board of redwood covered by a thin layer of Hawaiian Island moss. A flannel blanket will cost you $100, and if you are one of those chilly folks who like to take a jug to bed, a gallon of whisky will take another hundred. If you're flush, you can get a "hotel" room for $250 a week; if you must economize, you can get a slat bunk on a porch for $25 a week. Laundry will cost you $8 a dozen pieces, and your duds will come back more harmed than cleaned, for there are no washerwomen—only washermen, lazy fellows who haven't the push to go to the "diggings" and are content to remain in town and work for a pittance of $50 a day. If you're a swell who wears linen collars and boiled shirts, they'll be sent to Honolulu or to Canton, China, to be laundered!

Better not get too hungry; eggs are $8 a dozen, milk $1 a quart, butter $250 a pound—slightly less if *very* bad. You can get a meal at a Chinese restaurant for $1, but at all others the minimum is $10. The *pièce de résistance* on San Francisco tables is grizzly bear steak; you can get one for $5, a dollar extra for gravy. Watch your digestion, for a doctor will charge you $100 to look at your tongue, $1 each for pills, and $10 for a dose of castor oil. When you go out to look around, be careful to stay on the board sidewalks; they say two men were engulfed in the mud of Montgomery Street, and everybody knows of horses that have been swallowed.

You see, this has been a rainy summer and the roads of the old Spanish village were not intended for traffic heavier than sandals and an occasional ox-cart. All refuse is pitched into the bottomless "streets."

Dollars for Dust

Anchored so closely that their naked spars resemble a wintry forest, four hundred ships lie in the Bay abandoned by crews who have gone to the diggings. Scarcely a ship enters port but its crew beats the passengers ashore. Some owner-captains have run their ships on the beach to serve as rooming houses, and in that way earn more in a month than they could in a year of sailing with full cargoes and cabins.

You turn from the sandy waterfront as night falls, and observe that a new type of man has come upon the streets: thin, preoccupied fellows who imitate the dress of the old-time Spanish grandees. These are gamblers, the leading professional men of the town. One clique pays $15,000 a month for the lower floor of the Parker House, and $5,000 each for rooms on an upper floor for quiet games. Many are established in saloons; others have ornate shacks of their own. Gold dust is currency over their tables. Men bargain and fight for jobs as sweepers in the gambling places, and "pan" the dirt.

Fifty dollars is an average morning's haul for a careful sweeper. The City Hotel saves its own sweepings in a barrel. Every barrelful washes out an average of $200 worth of dust.

Each dawn finds scores of children panning the dirt in the streets in front of such genial resorts as the Temple of Chance. Sharpsters plant dust in city lots and sell claims to newcomers. If you avoid the gamblers and the sharpsters, you must still look out—or the Hounds will get you!

The backbone of the Hounds was Irish riffraff from New York. They had a tent headquarters at Kearny and Commercial Streets, and called it Tammany Hall. Army deserters, runaway Australian convicts, white beachcombers from Oriental waterfronts added toughness as well as members to the Hounds, who roamed the streets at night in wolf packs of ten or more, slugging, robbing and killing. The town had grown so fast its government was ineffectual; one half of the handful of constables were afraid of the Hounds, the other half were in league with them. All good citizens, trembling in their beds, vowed that something ought to be done about the Hounds; but no one did anything—until Sam Brannan came back from the diggings.

The Rule of the Vigilantes

One night the Hounds made a particularly brutal raid upon Telegraph Hill. Next day Sam's bellows filled the Plaza, and inspired 230 men to enlist in a volunteer police force under his leadership. Tammany Hall was attacked and destroyed, and most of the Hounds tucked in their tails. Nineteen were caught, tied up, and deported to the United States. Sam Brannan was in the saddle again and destined not to dismount until he had seen the town through its reign of terror. That day's work led him to devise the most blood-chilling and romantic adventure in San Francisco's history—an example that was copied in the frontier's toughest spots, from Oregon to Mexico—the rule of the Vigilantes.

Although the Hounds were scattered, San Francisco continued to grow so lustily, and the gold seekers to live so heartily, that crime soon again became rampant. In 1850 a hundred murders were committed within a few months. You couldn't walk the streets without seeing a fight on every corner; and business men had to wheel their safes home o' nights. Elder Brannan got tired of it all.

Gold Again!

On June 8, 1851, he called a mass meeting which resulted in the founding of the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance. The citizens elected Sam president of the committee and announced their intention to make sure that no thief, despoiler of women, or other malefactor escaped punishment. Sam swore the Vigilantes to secrecy, and laid down a program. Every miscreant would be given a fair trial; the committee would operate on strictly military lines; a voluntary patrol would be abroad in the streets at all hours; in times of emergency two strokes repeated at minute intervals on a bell borrowed from the Monumental Hose Company would signal a general turnout. Four men were hanged, other less conclusive punishment was meted to a score; then peace returned to San Francisco and Sam disbanded his Vigilantes.

The first gold boom passed and left a backwash of depression during which everyone said his prayers and went to bed early. Then, in 1854, came a new strike and a new rush. Old bad 'uns hurried back, the lessons of the Vigilantes forgotten; and with them came droves of new bad 'uns to whom the Vigilantes were only a legend. In 1855 there were 500 murders in San Francisco and fifty "necktie parties"—the

(Continued on page 32)

"Why don't you be a sweet girl, and shut your big mouth!" *Buford Tune*

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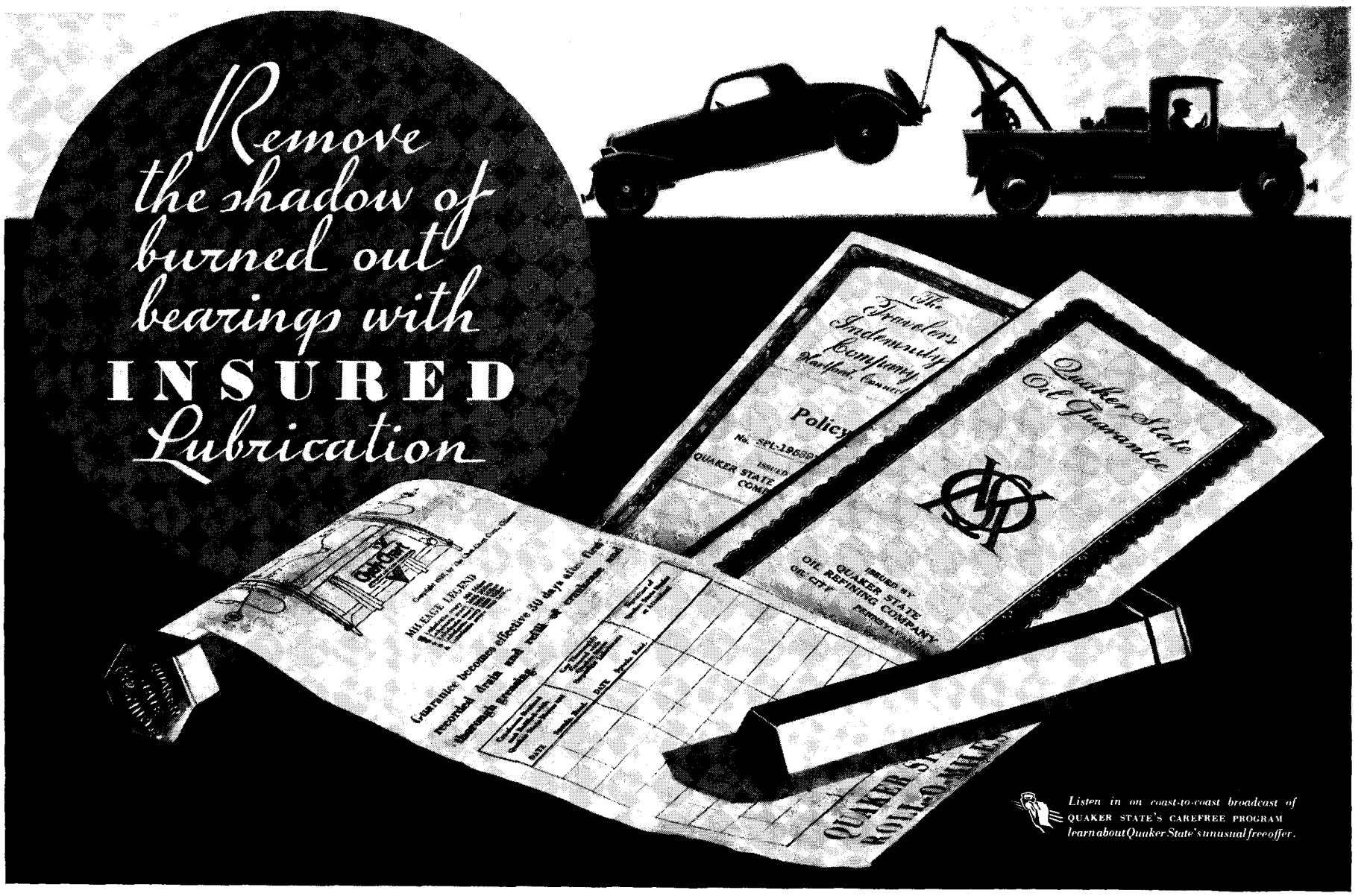
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CRASH! At sixty a skid, a telephone pole, a ruined car, ready for the junk pile.

But the slower and *more certain* destruction wrought by faulty lubrication is equally disastrous. Mute testimony of inferior quality oils and greases is also furnished in junk yards—gaunt, rusty hulks, once sleek, purring cars—sacrificed to haphazard lubrication long before the paid-for mileage was enjoyed!

Slow destruction of vital parts goes on, unseen, often unheard. A survey reveals an annual penalty of millions of dollars for too quickly worn or burned-out bearings—proof that the average motorist is unable to distinguish between quality oils and greases and the kind that starves the bearings and wears them out.

But now *one* brand, Quaker State, long the choice of thinking car owners, offers clear evidence of super-quality. No need now to sift technical claims! Here are oils and greases good enough to *insure!* Quaker State alone offers an *Insured Guarantee* of perfected lubrication—backed by The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Connecticut.

Any motorist anywhere in the United States and Canada may now enjoy this protection.

Study the "Quaker Statement" at the right. Then change to Quaker State and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles"—the new, unique lubrication guide and Chek-Chart which slips into the pocket of your car and aids Quaker State dealers to be certain your car gets the *right* lubrication at the *right* time in the *right* places.

Use the coupon to order your "Roll-o-Miles" or to secure more detailed information.

THE QUAKER STATEMENT

THE LUBRICANTS

1 - Perfected motor oils and greases to meet full requirements of all seasons for each part of every make of car.
2 - Motor oil made from 100% Pennsylvania crude oil: so pure it does not require acid treatment which lessens an oil's oiliness.
3 - By costly, extra refining processes, Quaker State removes the quart of thin, useless oil of little or no lubricating value—which remains in every gallon of ordinary motor oil—and replaces this waste with a quart of rich, full-bodied lubricant. Four full quarts of genuine, heat-resisting lubrication in every gallon.

THE PROPOSITION

1 - Because your car will not operate without oil and grease, you face a choice of brands.
2 - Brands differ greatly in quality; we urge that you use Quaker State, but we do not attempt to prove its superiority by claims alone. Instead we say:
3 - If you will use only Quaker State lubricants in your car, *adopt the Quaker State Plan of Lubrication* and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles" at $3.50, we will supply you with a One Year Guarantee insured in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn., which agrees to pay the customary cost of repairing or replacing any burned out and inoperative bearings resulting from faulty or insufficient lubrication.

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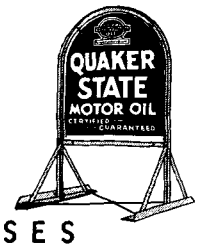
Insured Lubrication



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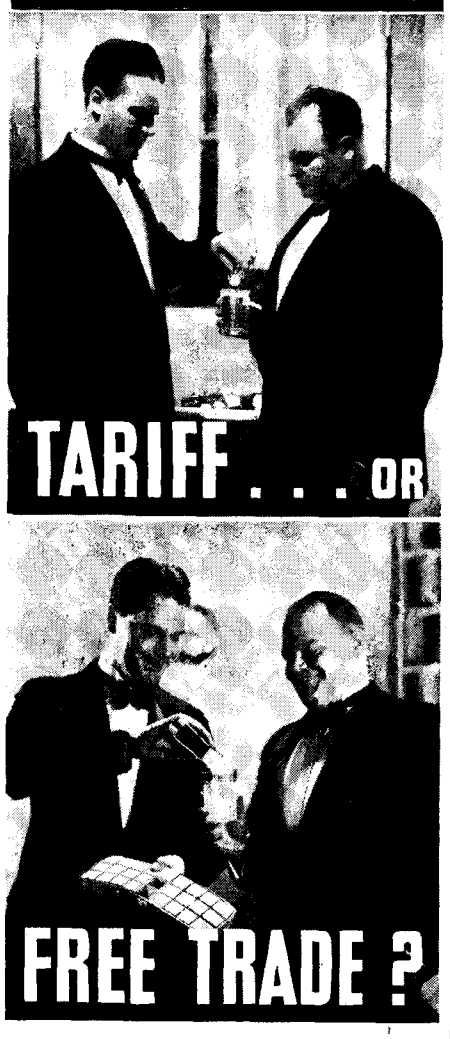
WHY WORRY?...we'll settle that...and How!



● No one wants a 25% tariff on ice cubes. Yet that's what it amounts to when you consider the *loss* in melting cubes out of old style trays into the sink . . . loss in washing the cubes . . . loss of time . . . loss of temper.

But we've settled that—the flexible rubber freezing tray provides free trade on ice cubes because you get all the ice you freeze. With this modern tray a slight finger tip pressure releases the ice cubes quickly and easily—one at a time or a whole trayful.

There's no splashing, tugging, pulling, pounding. No melted or wasted cubes. The cubes are never shattered or broken. And because they're dry, larger, colder and cube-shaped, they last longer. They're as clean and pure as the water you use.

More than a million owners of automatic refrigerators now use this modern tray. And today all leading makes of automatic refrigerators have flexible rubber trays as standard equipment. When you buy a new refrigerator insist that it has this modern convenience. Or, you can modernize your present refrigerator by getting rubber trays to fit it. And the price? As low as $1.50 each!

Just see the dealer who sells your make of refrigerator or write to us direct, telling us the name of your refrigerator and the number of cubes your ice trays hold.

THE INLAND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. E-5, Dayton, Ohio

Flexo Tray
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Pat. & Pats. Pend.
ICE CUBES—THE MODERN WAY

Spanish Goal

Continued from page 30

latter not a search for justice so much as a smart fashion in the settlement of personal grudges. Eastern papers commented upon the matter-of-fact attitude of California editors toward crime statistics, which they buried on back pages alongside market reports of sales of bacon and cheese.

Then the monotony of nobodies was suddenly broken.

General Richardson was killed by Charley Cora, a gambler. William King, editor of the Evening Bulletin, was shot by Casey, formerly of Sing Sing, New York—justifiably, many people thought, because King had publicly raked up the past which Casey was trying to live down. The dramatic circumstances of these deeds threw San Francisco into a fever. Thousands milled around the jail, and discussed the common belief that both assassins would escape punishment.

Brannan Acts

That night an ominous sound broke without warning over the excited city. It was the bell of the Vigilantes, so long silent. To a man the living veterans hurried to the old headquarters. They found Elder Sam Brannan waiting in his old place on the rostrum; they saw his eyes snap with the old-time fire, and they heard his voice roar with its old-time magic as he warned them that they had work to do if San Francisco was to be saved from a mockery of justice. Within three days the membership of the Vigilantes had grown to 2,600, and every gunsmith in town was sold out.

Promptly at nine o'clock one morning, in utter silence and without haste or confusion, the entire body of Vigilantes assembled in front of the headquarters at 41 Sacramento Street, and formed into a parade column of twenty-six companies of one hundred men each. Each Vigilante wore the white hatband of the committee. There was a French company, another made up wholly of Germans, a third composed of Italians. A fieldpiece just appropriated from the California National Guard for this occasion was wheeled into line.

Perfectly drilled, marching in close order and in smart unison, looking neither to the right nor left at the thousands of spectators who lined the curbs, the Vigilantes passed up Sacramento Street, to Montgomery, to Pacific, to Kearny, thence to the jail on Broadway.

The column deployed to surround the jail, and the fieldpiece was brought to bear directly upon its front door at close range. Guards on the jail roof fingered their rifles; the Vigilantes stood rigidly at attention; a spectator coughed, and was scowled at. Casey himself, oppressed by the fatality of the display, pleaded with the sheriff not to fight in a lost cause: "I'll go with them." As Casey was fetched out of the jail a cheer broke from the spectators, but it trailed away when the Vigilantes to a man turned upon them with warning frowns. Cora was then secured, and the Vigilantes went as they had come—with dignity and order. The trials were held at once, in the committee's inner room, and both men were found guilty. Editor King's funeral was held that day, and at the very hour his mourners were returning from the city Casey and Cora were decorating rope-ends swung from two beams which had been run out on the roof of the Vigilante headquarters. Elder Sam Brannan's iron-handed dominion had reached its climax; and the town's homicides presently dropped back to the normal rate for democracies.

There were great names in San Francisco afterwards, of course: Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford, Collis Huntington, Robert Louis Stevenson, Kipling, Jack London, Frank Norris. All these partook of her color; they could not add to it. San Francisco's character had been permanently fixed by the intellectual courage of Friar Serra, the physical courage of Elder Brannan; by the spiritual flavor of the missions, and the flaming independence of the Vigilantes. She proceeded to breed a race apart.

No end of men claimed the honor of having established the first brewery in San Francisco, but it is to the memory of Francis G. Owen you must genuflect. Keep your hat off, too, while we speak of the old town's saloons. Every corner grocery store had a bar in its back room where honest workmen could get lager of an evening. But the saloons proper were no mere barrooms; they were temples, bowers, shrines. The most gifted artists decorated them. Plate-glass mirrors covered whole walls, and the paintings would have graced an art gallery.

The Pantheon, on California Street, was for bankers and brokers. Eppinger's on Halleck, Collins' on Montgomery, Lewis' on Sutter were for sporting chaps; Frank's, on Montgomery, was for judges and lawyers; and so was the Parker House. Hot free lunches were available in all these places, between 11 and 2. Two bits was the standard price for all drinks—beer, whisky or wine. Once you had purchased your drink, you turned to the free-lunch counter and made your choice from some such menu as this one, selected at random from the Pantheon's records: real turtle soup, roast pig, roast lamb, sheep's tongue, venison, stewed liver, fish balls, broiled salmon, vegetables galore, cheeses, knickknacks, relishes and savories.

The practiced zest of decades was in the swing of life in pleasure-loving San Francisco on the night of April 17, 1906. At the Grand Opera House a company of Metropolitan stars was wildly cheered by the white folks; while over in Chinatown an especially imported company from Shanghai played for an audience of Orientals whose emotions were betrayed solely by the speed with which they cracked and chewed watermelon seeds. When gold-seekers had come from all over the world they had fetched in their wakes the best culinary talents of their fatherlands. The town, therefore, had a tradition of good food. On this night the famous restaurants had their wonted throngs: Papa Coppa's, Tait's-by-the-Sea, The Poodle Dog, Madame Solari's, and that wonderful little place down on Fisherman's Wharf where you could get chopino (write in and I'll give you the recipe). At the Mechanics' Pavilion, scene of many famous championship prize fights, there was a masked carnival on roller skates.

Fire and Earthquake

Few, except milkmen, were astir at five the next morning—the 18th. At twelve minutes past the hour the whole peninsula was lifted and shaken by an earthquake, as a giant might lift and shake a great carpet. The city, on the end of the snapper, got the worst of it. The first alarm of fire was turned in from Clay and Drumm Streets a few minutes later. The firemen tightened their couplings and sprang to their nozzles, but the hoses remained limp; every water main in the city had been broken by the quake.

For three days and nights there was neither day nor night in San Francisco, only an unearthly neutral pallor; by day the smoke killed the light, and by night the flames thwarted the darkness.

It was now that the heritage of character bequeathed by Serra and Brannan was vindicated. Bricks were still so hot they had to be handled with tongs when San Franciscans began to rebuild. Merchants slapped up shacks over the smoking foundations, and carried on while their new buildings rose around them. Facetious signs were stuck in the ruins. Householders, cooking in the streets, shouted to each other that "spring cleaning came late this year" and "anyhow, the Golden Gate wasn't burned!" In three years the last scar of the disaster had disappeared.

San Francisco today is undeniably different from the San Francisco of Jack London and the Neapolitan fishermen. The difference, however, is superficial, and may be attributed to the unhappy effect prohibition has had on all social life in the United States. The gayety which was the public charm of the old town has moved indoors. If you are in the city long enough to become the bosom friend of any Franciscan—ten minutes is ample—you will be treated, as I was, to the finest California sauterne; if you don't fancy that, call your choice. The vintners, once the initial discouragement of being trapped in a country which had gone dry officially had worn off, dusted and oiled their presses and went back to work. The restaurants were the real victims. Only a handful of the old guard fight on; nevertheless, even today public dining will offend your palate less in San Francisco than elsewhere in our country.

San Francisco Pride

Her climate, her exotic appearance, her flower stands are left, of the old familiar phases. It's springtime in the sun and autumn in the shade the year round. There are as many roses in January as in June, and scattered through the other months are carnations, acacias, and the beautiful long-stemmed California violet.

These are the things that meet the eye. There is something else—a deep and secret inner pride concealed under the outward casualness with which San Francisco last year celebrated the silver jubilee of her rise from the ashes. You will discover it somehow, before you leave town. I had my lesson one summer evening on Telegraph Hill. Far to the east the air-mail beacon on Mount Diablo was stabbing the sky. Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda and the other cities of the opposite shore—the "contra costa" of the Spaniards—formed an earth-bound Milky Way. Around our feet San Francisco glowed in that aura which the lingering traces of the afternoon fogs always impart to its lights. There were scores of cars drawn up around the marker on the site of the historic semaphore which used to signal to the village below the arrival of ships through the Golden Gate. A hundred or more people were hanging over the stone wall, silent, brooding.

"Marvelous sight, isn't it?" one of them whispered to me.

"Yes," I said, thinking of him as a tourist. "Is this your first visit to San Francisco?"

"Hell," he said, "I was born here. And I reckon I ain't missed a week in twenty-five years, coming up here to admire this view!"

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It costs 12 times more to blend Hires Root Beer from natural juices...

Yet You Pay No More Than For Cheap Imitations Made Only From Oil Flavors

HIRES ROOT BEER is as natural and delicious as the delicate juice of fresh, luscious oranges or tomatoes.

This famous national favorite contains the tonic and wholesome juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries, and is blended by a slow, costly percolating process.

When 27,458 doctors were questioned recently, 96 out of 100 in replying, ranked Hires Root Beer *first* for purity and fine flavor.

Don't be fooled by imitators into accepting oil flavored substitutes. Even the foam is often faked with a harmful drug (saponin).

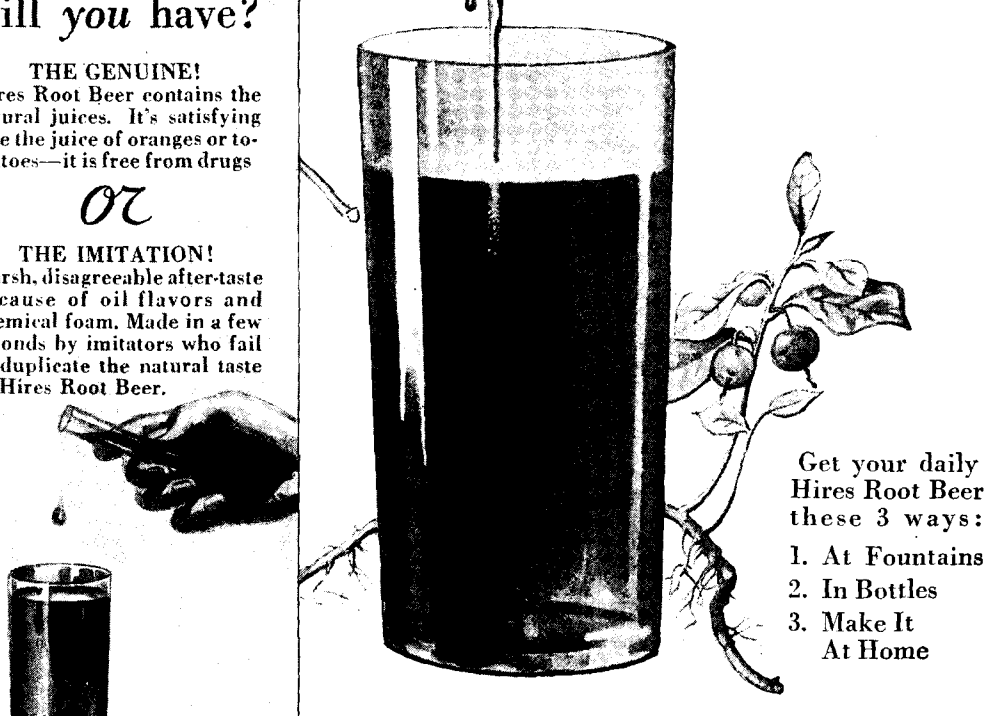
Wise dispensers gladly pay more for the genuine Hires Root Beer. Because it is so appetizing and refreshing, it holds good will, builds business. Yet *you* pay no more when you insist upon and get Hires Root Beer instead of an oil flavored substitute.

Which will *you* have?

THE GENUINE!
Hires Root Beer contains the natural juices. It's satisfying like the juice of oranges or tomatoes—it is free from drugs

or

THE IMITATION!
Harsh, disagreeable after-taste because of oil flavors and chemical foam. Made in a few seconds by imitators who fail to duplicate the natural taste of Hires Root Beer.



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Drink **Hires Root Beer** FOR THIRST AND CHEER

Don't just ask for "root beer"—
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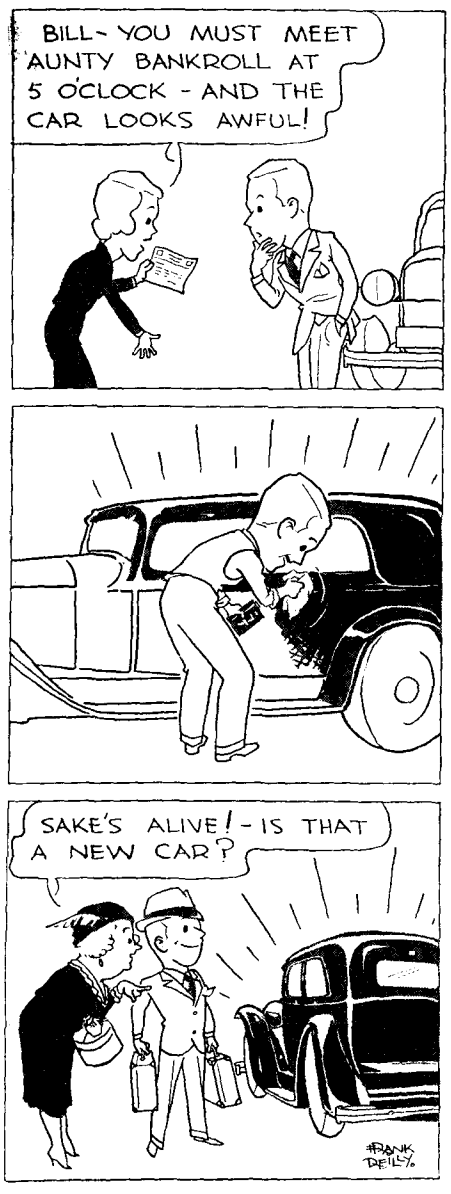

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It's fast. You don't have to rub and rub. It's safe—made by du Pont (maker of Duco) who, naturally, knows best how to care for Duco. At low cost—a small quantity does your whole car. Try Speed Blend today.

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Send me a sample of Speed Blend. I enclose 10 cents to help cover packing and postage. (Good only in U. S. and Canada.)

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*City*_____ *State or Province*_____

Hot Water

Continued from page 9

Mr. Slattery eyed him dully. He seemed to be saying that one meets so many people.

"What were you wearing?"

"A gray business suit with an invisible blue twill."

"I don't place you. Sorry."

"Sure you do. A cop came along and you made me put my arm through yours and stroll along as if we were old friends. We sang, don't you remember?"

"Sang what?"

"Pale Hands I Loved Beside the Shalimar. You took the bass."

Mr. Slattery's face brightened suddenly.

"Why, that's right. I remember now. Well, well!"

"They told me your name, too. It'll come back to me in a minute."

"Who told you my name?"

"The cops, when I described you. I've got it. Soup Slattery. The only thing that seemed to puzzle them was that you should be holding people up on the street. They said you were an expert safe-blower."

"I sometimes do a bit of stick-up work on the side," said Mr. Slattery, with a touch of stiffness. "Any objection?"

"None," said Mr. Gedge hastily.

"*Why* haven't you any dough?"

"I never have."

"You look rich enough."

"My wife is rich. Immensely rich. Her late husband left her millions."

"And you slipped in and copped off the widow? Did pretty well for yourself."

Mr. Gedge sensed the unspoken slur.

"I did not marry my dear wife for her money," he said warmly. "I was a rich man myself at the time of our wedding. But unfortunately I played the market. . . ."

There was nothing of the austere in Mr. Slattery's manner now. He was eying Mr. Gedge with warm-hearted interest.

"Were you caught in the big crash?"

"Was I! Lost every dollar I had."

"Me, too," said Mr. Slattery, wincing at the memory.

For a few moments the two financiers let their thoughts stray silently back into the past. Mr. Slattery sighed.

"Well, I'm mighty glad to have met you again, Mr.—what was the name?"

"Gedge. J. Wellington Gedge. And I've certainly appreciated meeting you, Mr. Slattery. How about coming and having a little drink?"

"What do you mean, coming and having a little drink? You haven't any money."

"Lend me some," said Mr. Gedge.

SEATED with his new friend at a table in one of the little cafés near the harbor, Mr. Gedge became communicative.

"Yessir," he said. "That's how it is. My wife has all the money, and I'm simply the Hey-You around the place. Whatever Mrs. Gedge says, goes. I want to live in California. She insists on coming to France. Do you think if I had any money I'd be living in a dump like the Château Blissac? No, sir. I'd be back in Glendale, where men are men."

Mr. Slattery gave a little start.

"Do you live at the Chatty-o Blissac?"

"Yessir. Right there at the Château Blissac."

Mr. Slattery chewed his lower lip thoughtfully. The discovery that this little man was residing, even if only in the modest capacity of a bird in a gilded cage, at the house which had been so much in his daydreams, had stirred him a good deal. He cocked an eye politely.

"Do you, now?" Mr. Slattery said. "Well, well!"

"Yessir. Mrs. Gedge insisted on renting it, and I wouldn't give you a nickel for the place. It makes me sick. And that's not the half of it."

"No?"

"She told me I've got to be American ambassador to France."

Mr. Slattery considered this.

"You won't like that."

"I know darned well I won't like it. Ambassadors have to wear uniforms and knickerbockers . . . the sissies."

"Sure. I've seen them in the newsreels. And they get kissed all the time by Frenchmen."

IT HAD been Mr. Gedge's belief until he heard these words that he had explored to their ultimate depths the drawbacks to representing his country in an ambassadorial capacity. He now perceived that the last and most hideous of them had escaped his notice. He sat for a moment paralyzed. Then words poured from him in a frenzied tumult:

"I won't do it! I just won't do it. No, sir! I'll get me a little capital, enough to start again on, and then I'll defy her. I'll go back to Glendale."

Mr. Slattery, though not an unkindly man, was practical.

"Where," he asked, "are you going to get your capital?"

In the exhilaration of building air-castles, Mr. Gedge had overlooked this point. The fire faded from his eye.

"It's so unjust!"

"What's unjust?"

"Why, when I married Mrs. Gedge, I was a rich man. . . ."

"You told me that."

"Yes, but I didn't tell you this. I covered that woman with jewels—sixty thousand dollars' worth, at least."

Mr. Slattery was impressed.

"I tell you," said Mr. Gedge, trembling with self-pity, "when I see Mrs. Gedge swanking around in those jewels, I can understand how men become cynics."

Mr. Slattery jumped as if something hot had touched him.

"Swanking around? Do you mean *she's got them with her?*"

"Yessir."

"Right there at the chatty-o?"

"Yessir."

There was a pause.

"Keeps them in a safe, I suppose?"

"When she isn't wearing them."

Mr. Slattery fell into a long silence. He was aroused from his meditations by a stirring in the seat opposite.

"You going?"

"Yessir. Got to get back."

"What's your hurry?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Mrs. Gedge is off to England today on the afternoon boat, and there'll be a lot of things she'll be wanting to talk to me about. Good-by, Mr. Slattery. Pleased to have met you."

Mr. Slattery did not reply. Although his granite face did not show it, inwardly he was tingling with rapture. A moment later he was out in the street, hurrying toward the Hôtel des Étrangers.

MR. CARLISLE was still in the cocktail bar. Mr. Slattery made for his table.

"*Oily,*" he said, "we're sitting pretty. The thing's in the bag!"

Mr. Carlisle sat up alertly. "What thing? What we were talking about?"

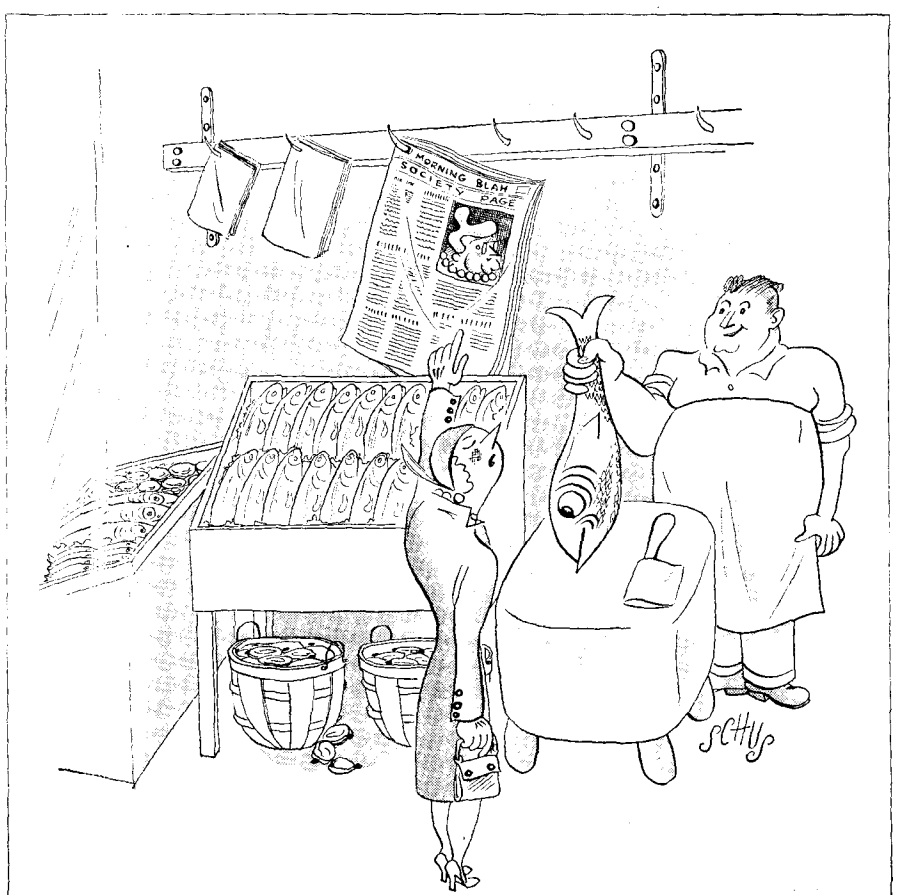
"Sure. That chatty-o. I've just run into the guy that lives there."

Mr. Carlisle's animation increased.

"*How did you do that?*"

"We happened to meet," said Mr. Slattery with a touch of embarrassment. "And we got chummy and had a drink. And he says Mrs. Gedge don't keep her ice at no bank. She's got it right there with her. In a safe she keeps it."

(Continued on page 36)



"Wrap it in Mrs. Van Morgan's picture—the snob!" *Adolph Schus*

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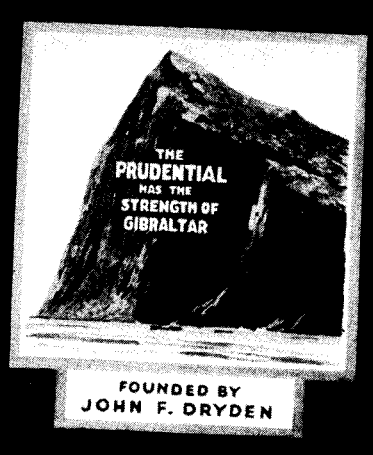

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WALK-OVER

SMART STYLES IN SPORT SHOES

Hot Water

Continued from page 34

"But . . ."

"I know. The inside stand. How are we going to work it? I'll tell you. This Gedge dame is sailing for England this afternoon."

"I go on the boat and get acquainted?"

"That's right."

"Easy."

"You'd best tell her you're one of these French titled guys with lots of pull with the fellows that run the French government. On account she wants her old man to be ambassador to France, and she'll think you can help."

"I'll string the beads till she thinks I own the French government. If I'm not inside that château in five days, I'm not the worker I used to be."

THE glorious weather which was making St. Rocque's summer season such a success was equally glorious across the English Channel. Sunshine had flooded the grounds of the Château Blissac, and sunshine shortly after four o'clock on the following afternoon was flooding the streets of London.

Only Waterloo Station, that austere cavern, would have none of it. Wrapped in its customary decent gloom, it continued to resemble a cathedral whose acolytes fill in their time with a bit of steam-fitting on the side. And today the somber note was intensified by the presence of large crowds of adults, accompanied for the most part by children with spades and buckets. For it was the beginning of what the papers call the holiday rush.

Outside the gates behind which the management keeps the 4:21 express to Yeovil and points west, there stood a young man whose appearance did something to raise the lowered tone of the place. If not strictly handsome, he looked extraordinarily fit and healthy, and there was in his demeanor a cheerful contentment which marked him off from the droves of worried fathers who were so obviously wishing that they had remained bachelors. All this was new and entertaining to him. He had been in England only a few months, and he enjoyed every manifestation of English life.

As to his identity, if you read your Society Gossip, you will recall that the engagement was recently announced between Lady Beatrice Bracken (who is, of course, the daughter of the Earl of Stableford) and Patrick B. Franklyn (who is, of course, the well-known young American millionaire and sportsman). This was Packy. Beatrice was leaving London today for her father's seat, Worbles, in Dorsetshire, and he had come to Waterloo to see her off.

She came in view now, walking disdainfully through the crowd like a princess among the *Jacquerie*, a girl so spectacularly beautiful that you would have thought that even some of these perspiring parents with five children to look after might have spared her a glance.

At the moment, nervous irritation was preventing her from looking quite her best. If there was one thing she disliked, it was having to travel by train during the vacation season; and if it was really necessary that she should revisit the ancestral home to help her father entertain his house-party, she thought he might have sent the car for her. But with gasoline at its current price, the level-headed old man had been too smart for that.

A girl who seldom smiled, she greeted Packy with the merest twitch of the upper lip which had come out so well in the Lazlo portrait.

"What a mob!" she said disgustedly.

"I like it," said Packy. "How about your baggage?"

"Parker is looking after it."

"And reading matter?"

"I have a book."

"She has a book. What is it?"

"Blair Eggleston's Worm i' the Root."

"Blair Eggleston? Why does that name seem familiar? Have I met him somewhere?"

"I introduced you to him at the Young Artists' Exhibition in Dover Street a week ago."

"Of course, yes. I remember. A gosh-awful pill with side whiskers."

"Don't talk like that," she said in the voice which, much as he worshiped the girl, sometimes made Packy think that she must have governess blood in her. "Everybody whose opinion matters regards Mr. Eggleston as one of the leaders of the younger school of novelists."

"Well, it's no good him going about boasting that I read him, because I don't."

"You never read anything."

"I've read all Edgar Wallace."

"Well, you'd better read all Blair Eggleston. I do wish you wouldn't be like this. What on earth is the use of my taking all this trouble over you—trying to make you appreciate good books and pictures and so on, if you are going to talk like a Yahoo?"

"I'm sorry," said Packy. "You're quite right."

At Yale, where he had been educated, Packy Franklyn had been an All-America halfback, but he had tended, he fully realized, rather to undernourish his spiritual self. He had given it the short end, and it was missing, he knew, on several cylinders.

Apart from her beauty, what had fascinated him from the first about Lady Beatrice Bracken was the loftiness of her ideals. When it came to ideals, she had unquestionably got something. And of this loftiness of ideals she was giving him the benefit.

"I'm quite wrong about Blair Eggleston," he said. "I will start reading him tomorrow."

"I happened to meet him in Bond Street this morning," said Beatrice. "I told him that you would be at a loose end in London. . . ."

"But I shan't."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, now that you're going to be away, there doesn't seem much point in sticking on. I thought of chartering a boat and—"

"I particularly want you to stay in London," said Beatrice.

HER tone was final and Packy eyed her with dismay. He had been looking forward to that yachting trip.

"But why?"

"Well, for one thing . . ."

She broke off, and stooped to rub an ankle which had just been kicked by a child named Ernie. And at the same instant there smote Packy vigorously between the shoulder blades one of those hearty buffets which tell us we have found a friend. Turning, he perceived a lissom young man with green eyes and hair cut *en brosse* who beamed upon him fondly.

For a moment he was at a loss. The other's face, like his manner, was familiar; but, unlike his manner, only vaguely so. Then memory awoke.

"Veek!"

"My old Packy!"

(To be continued next week)

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DEMONS OF DISASTER

Ingenuity and enterprise have lifted many burdens from man's shoulders, given him wings, provided servants of every sort to do his bidding, made more complete his dominion over land, sea and air. But with the lightening of his labors his risks and responsibilities have increased. Added to the elemental dangers of fire, wind and hail are the man-made hazards created by his machines and the harnessing of giant forces.

Of old, man attempted to ward off disaster with incantations and burnt offerings. Now he relies on practical self-protection. He has devised insurance, whose enormous resources and multiform coverages underlie the entire structure of property ownership and operation. During the last three hundred years insurance has gradually assumed all the various risks that man has created until today it offers protection for nearly every hazard known to modern life.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company, founded in 1810, was limited in its original charter to the "insuring of property against loss or damage by fire", but it has kept pace with the times and today with its allied companies writes practically every form of insurance except life insurance and with its thousands of agents serves the whole continent of North America. Through its agent* in your community the Hartford will furnish you comprehensive protection against loss, providing you with a plan for adequate individualized insurance that will free you of your risks and fears and banish to the limbo of forgotten yesterdays the dread of disaster.

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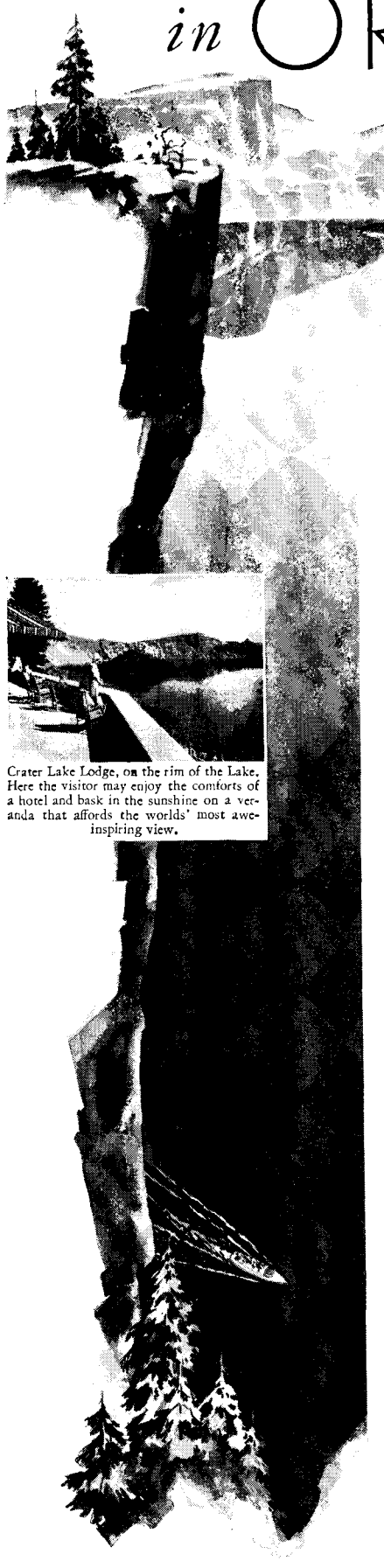
CRATER LAKE *in* OREGON



Come and see for yourself this summer

Crater Lake Lodge, on the rim of the Lake. Here the visitor may enjoy the comforts of a hotel and bask in the sunshine on a veranda that affords the worlds' most awe-inspiring view.

● Crater Lake . . . a multi-hued jewel of unbelievable blues . . . lies in the caldera of a once mighty volcano, 6,000 feet above sea level.

Globe trotters and vacationists by the thousands make pilgrimages from afar each summer to Crater Lake National Park, to see this mystic, inspiring marvel of nature. Cliffs rise a sheer 2,000 feet from its shores. The lake is six miles in diameter and a half mile deep at the center. The color of its waters graduates from the delicate turquoise of the shallows . . . to the richest of midnight blues in its depths. An automobile trip around its 21-mile shore line unfolds a thrilling panorama of truly wonderful landscapes.

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Give yourself and your family a genuine change and a most delightful vacation this year. Establish vacation headquarters in Portland . . . spend a few days in Crater Lake National Park and all the time you can spare in visiting many of Oregon's other beautiful resorts. Plan your trip now! If you intend to motor, we'll gladly send free road maps. By rail, for the first time you may now take in the whole Pacific Coast at no extra fare. This is Vacation's Opportunity Year!

● The American Legion National Convention will be held in Portland, September 12 to 15.

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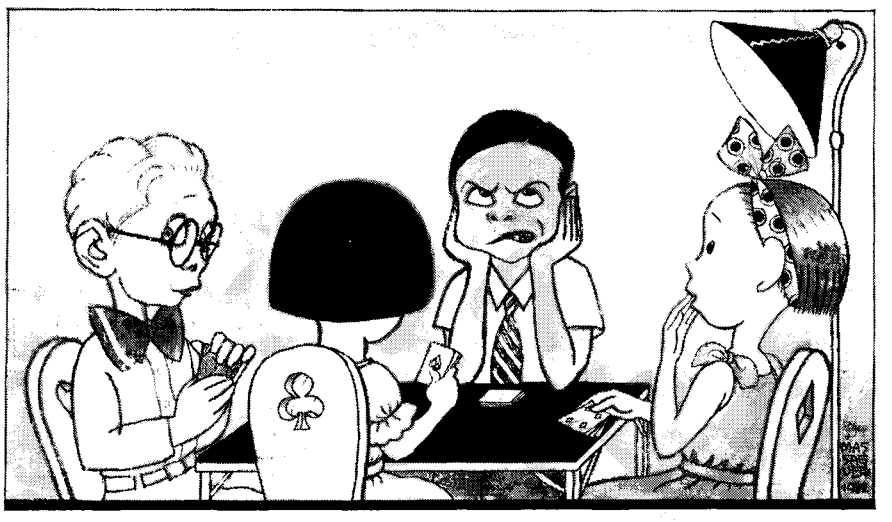

"Aw—let's play strip poker!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

	North	
	S. K-J-9-3-2	
	H. A-K-9-8	
	D. 10-3	
	C. 8-4	
West		*East*
S. 7-5		S. 6-4
H. 7-4-3		H. 6-5-2
D. K-7-6-4		D. 9-8-5-2
C. K-7-6-5		C. J-10-9-2
	South (Dealer)	
	S. A-Q-10-8	
	H. Q-J-10	
	D. A-Q-J	
	C. A-Q-3	

THE above hand, published in last week's Collier's, was played in a progressive duplicate game in a prominent Eastern club during the past winter. Some of the South players who used two of a suit as a forcing bid called two Spades, although in doing so they were straining their system slightly. With that start and with the Spade holding of North, plus North's Hearts, a small-slam bid in Spades was reached in almost every case.

Other Souths, having a No Trump count of 23 and all four suits safely stopped (three of them apparently stopped more than once), started with three No Trumps, to which North in almost every instance responded with five Spades, after which South called six.

A third method of reaching the goal was via the Two Club Game-Demand bid, and this worked very logically with this hand. When South bid two Clubs, North, with an Ace and King of Hearts and a five-card Spade suit headed by King-Jack, bid two Spades. South then knew that the King and four other Spades were in the North hand and also that the Ace of Hearts was there; but he had no information concerning the King of Hearts.

After North's two-Spade bid, South called five Spades, asking North to bid for a slam if he held any further strength. North, with an unannounced Jack as additional strength in Spades and an unannounced Heart King and two doubletons, then bid six Spades.

With South, the Declarer, trying for a Spade small slam, the contract was made easily if West's initial lead was from either of his four-card King suits; if West started with a trump (in this hand a safer opening), the small slam was made by exhausting the adverse trumps and Hearts and then losing the Diamond finesse. But with North the Declarer, all the Easts opened by leading the Jack of Clubs, and the Declarers at once realized that the small slam could be obtained easily if either of the minor Kings were held by East—a chance that most Declarers figured at three to one in their favor. So at most of those tables South played the Queen of Clubs on East's Jack and West won with the King. West returned a Club and South of course captured the trick with the Ace. Two rounds exhausted the adverse trumps, and North was then put in the lead with a ruff of the third round of Clubs. After this, four Hearts were run and, on the fourth, South discarded a Diamond; but as both of Declarers' hands still had two Diamonds, it was necessary to try the Diamond finesse. When it lost, the small-slam chances went flitting away with it.

All but two of the Norths realized that East would not have been apt to lead from a King-Jack-Ten suit against a slam contract; therefore, East's Club lead unquestionably was from the top of a suit headed by a sequence, and West unquestionably held the King of Clubs. Consequently these two Declarers won the first trick with dummy's Ace of Clubs, and after that proceeded with a very pretty elimination development. Two rounds of trumps exhausted the adversaries, and then came four rounds of Hearts. On the last a Club was discarded from South so as to give that hand the same number of Clubs as North. With the Spades and Hearts eliminated from the two adverse hands, and Declarers' Clubs reduced to one in each hand, these Declarers had the stage set for the star play.

To trick 8 (the one following the last round of Hearts) North led a Club and South played the Queen. West of course took the trick with the King. West then had the option of leading another Club (being quite sure that if he did so North would obtain a valuable Diamond discard) or leading a Diamond up to the major tenace in the South hand. One West took the Club horn of the dilemma, and the other the Diamond; both were impaled. Declarer had secured his slam in spite of the fact that both adverse Kings were situated "dead wrong" for him.

Next Hand

North	*East*
S. Q-J-10	S. 6-5-2
H. K-J-10-5	H. 8-7-4
D. A-9	D. Q-6-5-3
C. A-10-4-3	C. 9-5-2
West	*South (Dealer)*
S. A-K-9-4-3	S. 8-7
H. Q-9-6	H. A-3-2
D. None	D. K-J-10-8-7-4-2
C. K-Q-J-7-6	C. 8

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The Prestwick Nose

Continued from page 15

spring. Last year this time it was Winifred Dalyrimple. The year before, it—"

"Quite beside the point, Miss Holt. The point is that neither you nor I have the power to regulate Bartholomew's life. If I refused to perform this operation, he'd go to another surgeon."

"But maybe if you'd plead with him—"

"Have you pleaded with him?"

Her chin went up.

"Certainly not! I have some pride, Doctor Resnic."

AT THIS juncture I resolved to break straight to the heart of the situation.

"Your interest in Bartholomew isn't altogether that of a mere friend, is it?" I shot at her.

"I've loved Bartholomew ever since the day he bumped his nose inside a rain barrel in his aunt's back yard," she said. "He was trying to pick up a dead rat by the tail with his teeth." She sighed. "We had gorgeous times together." And then snuffled a bit into a dainty handkerchief. "Oh, Doctor Resnic, it breaks my heart to see that little Fleurday wretch make a fool of Bartholomew. I've got to do something to stop it. Operations are dangerous. This may . . . k-kill Bartholomew . . . and I know it will ruin his good looks . . . his nose *isn't* so bad when you get used to it. . . . I don't care! I love him just as he is!"

It would have taken a harder heart than mine to resist such an appeal. I supplied her with an extra handkerchief, and said: "I shall try to dissuade Bartholomew from the operation, Miss Holt."

She thanked me with tears in her eyes.

It was already quite late when she left the office and the operation was set for the next morning. I failed to locate the boy, and finally narrowed the search down to Miss Fleurday's home. I left word there that I would be at my office all evening and must see Bartholomew. He dashed in on his way to the theater about seven-thirty.

"Bartholomew," I said, "are you certain you wish to go through with this operation?"

"Of course I do!" he said. "I'll be at the hospital at seven sharp in the morning."

"I had a visitor this afternoon . . . a young lady. . . ."

He grabbed my arm.

"Ha!" he shouted. "I thought that was it! Cathie Holt has been butting into my affairs again."

I stopped him.

"Miss Holt, I have reason to believe, has only your best interests at heart."

Bartholomew laughed hollowly.

"Yet, she expressed a great fondness for you," I persisted.

"Don't believe it for a minute," said Bartholomew. "She's chased after me for eighteen years. Next to my nose, she's the worst curse I have. She chases after me simply and solely for the purpose of making trouble."

Before I could speak another word, he was gone, flinging over his shoulder: "I'll see you at the hospital . . . 7 A. M. sharp!"

The next morning, I was preparing to start to the hospital when my man said Miss Anne Prestwick was on the telephone.

Miss Prestwick's voice was ominous:

"I wish to see you at once, Doctor Resnic."

"But your nephew's operation is set for eight o'clock," I stammered. "He is awaiting me at St. Luke's."

"My nephew is not at St. Luke's. He is here with me. I shall expect you within thirty minutes, Doctor Resnic."

When I was ushered into the great old library of Miss Prestwick's home, she sat in a high-backed chair behind an enormous carved walnut desk. Bartholomew sat in another chair near by. His face was flushed, he looked sulky and defiant. They had evidently been having an emotional scene, but Miss Prestwick gave no sign. A remarkable woman, Miss Prestwick. It was the first time I had met her, and I noted with a start that she had a nose which was the feminine counterpart of her nephew's.

"Doctor Resnic," said Miss Prestwick in a high-pitched, positive voice, "what is all this nonsense about an operation on Bartholomew's nose?"

I glanced at Bartholomew.

"It was my understanding that he had consulted you in the matter, Miss Prestwick."

"H'mph! He didn't—I had the first news of it last evening from Cathie Holt."

"Cathie Holt is a poisonous—"

"That will do, Nephew."

There was an awkward pause. Miss Prestwick ended it.

"Doctor Resnic," she said, "the operation, of course, will not be performed by you or anyone else."

"I say it *will* be performed, Aunt Anne!" cried Bartholomew.

I admired the boy's spirit. I said, "I don't quite understand your position, Miss Prestwick. Aren't you allowing prejudice to stand in the way of Bartholomew's happiness?"

IN ANSWER, Miss Prestwick turned and pointed to a row of family portraits on the walls. Fascinated, my eyes followed where she directed. There, one after the other, hung an odd dozen gentlemen, handsomely done in oil. The portraits dated back, generation to generation, to a stout old fellow in wig and ruffles over the fireplace.

They all had the same kind of nose.

"This ungrateful boy here," said Miss Prestwick, pointing a long, bony forefinger at Bartholomew, "is the inheritor of seventeen generations of Prestwick men. His nose, which he affects to despise, is more than a nose. Prestwick men have always been proud of their noses. The Prestwick nose has identified the great gentlemen of our family as far back as the first earl who fought at Agincourt—"

Bartholomew laughed hysterically.

"What's the use of boring Doctor Resnic with that rot?" he shouted.

Miss Prestwick gasped:

"Bartholomew! Have you gone mad?"

The last of the Prestwicks faced her bravely.

"I have given my word to Marcia, Aunt Anne," he said; "and I will stand by it. . . . Come what will!"

His aunt's face was a study. It was on the tip of my tongue to say that I did not care to handle Bartholomew's case when Miss Prestwick turned on me in a fury.

"You're responsible for this!" she snapped. "You quack! You charlatan! You want my nephew to exchange a perfectly good nose for some synthetic abomination!"

Stung to the quick, I searched for a dignified retort. Bartholomew came to my rescue. He grasped my arm and said: "Come on, Doc. Let's get started for the hospital."

(Continued on page 40)

First Thing in the Morning . . .

Sit up . . get up . .

drink a Saline Cocktail!

DON'T lie there feeling sunk! Get those reluctant legs over the side of the bed—march straight for a Saline Cocktail—and in half an hour you'll forget you *had* a headache or an upset stomach!

Toss a teaspoon or two of Sal Hepatica into a big glass of cold water, give it a stir, and drink to a cheerful day.

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Here's why. Sal Hepatica flushes wastes and poisons from the digestive tract—quickly, gently, effectively. Yet it isn't "just another laxative." Sal Hepatica is a fine blended *saline;* it clears poisons from the *blood stream.* It corrects acidity. It tones up the system. It counteracts headache, indigestion, colds, and rheumatism, as well as constipation. And it clears and freshens the skin.

Don't confuse Sal Hepatica with coarse, common salts. It isn't "just another laxative." It is the American equivalent of the salines present in the health springs of the great European spas like Wiesbaden and Aix. Sal Hepatica keeps you in good trim, so you can face the world with bright eyes and a clear brain.

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(*Continued from page 39*)

Miss Prestwick stopped us at the door.

"Bartholomew," she said, "if you have your nose altered in any way, I shall never look at you again. Nor shall I mention you in my will!"

I must confess that such an ultimatum would have daunted me. But Bartholomew was young and in love. The Prestwick nose went high as he said, snapping his fingers:

"What is your filthy money compared to the love of the noblest girl in all the world?"

His mood was infectious. We swept grandly down the hall and left the old termagant standing there beneath the portraits.

MISS FLEURDAY visited Bartholomew every afternoon while he was in the hospital.

On the fifteenth day I removed the cast and the bandages. I handed Bartholomew a looking-glass.

The boy was almost maudlin in his expressions of delight and gratitude.

"Quick, get Marcia on the phone! Tell her to hurry over," he was yelling to a nurse when I left.

Young love, my friend, is a beautiful thing. I returned to my office a better man. I felt exalted, uplifted.

Imagine, then, my horror the next morning when I entered my office to see Bartholomew Prestwick seated in a corner in an attitude of utter dejection.

"My God!" I gasped. "What happened?"

He looked at me and shook his head slowly from side to side.

"She didn't like it, Doc," he said.

"Impossible! Why, it's the best . . ."

"She didn't like it," he repeated stupidly. "She said she thought it would make a difference, but it didn't. She said she'd come to the conclusion that no matter what kind of nose I had, she could never love me."

I tried to probe behind this amazing development, but Bartholomew was too stunned to talk. He just sat and moped.

"Come, come," I said, "there are other girls in the world. With that handsome profile you'll have no trouble finding another just as pretty as Miss Fleurday, and one whose charms will wear better."

"My profile!" echoed Bartholomew bitterly. "I hate it! As long as I live it will remind me of Marcia!"

Suspicion struck me forcibly.

"Did Miss Fleurday know you had broken with your aunt and that she disinherited you?"

"Certainly not!" he said indignantly. "I will not stay here while you insult the memory of the most sacred love I have ever known!"

He started to walk out. I halted him.

"Where are you going? If I were you I'd go home and sleep this off."

Bartholomew's laugh was sepulchral.

"Home? Ha! I have no home. My allowance is gone. I owe the hospital. I owe the club. There is nothing left for me . . . but . . . the lake in the park . . . where I first met Marcia."

"You didn't meet her in the lake. It was in the revolving door at the Royale Café," I reminded him. I tucked some bills into his coat pocket. "Promise me you'll wait until tomorrow before doing anything rash."

Finally he promised. I told him to walk around a while and then come back.

As soon as he was gone I had Miss Minnick put in a call for Miss Catherine Holt. Within twenty minutes the young lady arrived at my office. She looked especially fresh and attractive, I remember. She was almost exuberant.

"Miss Holt," I said, "Bartholomew's affair with Miss Fleurday is ended."

"I know it."

I gave her a searching glance.

"Did you talk with Miss Fleurday at any time recently?"

"Yes, I did."

"Ah, now I'm getting it. Did you, by any chance, mention to Miss Fleurday that Bartholomew's aunt had disinherited him?"

Miss Holt smiled.

"I did. I thought it was something she ought to know."

We laughed together.

"Miss Holt," I said, "Bartholomew will be in my reception-room shortly. He is very much downhearted and believes I am the only friend he has left. Doesn't that give you an idea?"

"It does," said Miss Holt.

Two days later Bartholomew came to see me again. This time he was bubbling with excitement.

"Guess what's happened!" he bellowed. "I'm in love!"

"You mean you're still in love with Miss Fleurday?"

Bartholomew snorted.

"That was just an infatuation. This time it's the real thing. You'll never guess the girl."

"No," I lied. "I haven't the slightest idea."

"It's Cathie Holt! Why—aren't you surprised?"

"Oh, yes. Indeed, I am! I'm stunned!"

"She went to see my aunt Anne. They had a long, heart-to-heart talk. Aunt Anne said she'd be willing to make peace with me. Cathie got her to state the terms. What do you suppose they are?"

"It's beyond me."

"All I have to do," he said, "is to change my nose back the way it was before. I told Cathie to tell Aunt Anne I'd do it. Cathie doesn't mind. She says she loved me just as much when I had the old nose. So if you can operate this afternoon or tomorrow—"

I looked at him hard. The words died away in his throat. He grabbed me while the significance of my glance sank in.

"But, Doctor," he begged me, "my whole future depends upon it. I don't care for myself, but I can't let Cathie face poverty. You've got to make an attempt!"

ONCE more I shook my head. He was desperate. He saw the cast of the old nose on the cabinet shelf, and made a grab for it.

"I'll get some other doctor, then!"

My friend, you may well imagine my predicament. I knew that it would be impossible for any surgeon to restore Bartholomew's nose to its original state, but I also knew that some unprincipled quack might attempt it.

I wrested the cast from him and hurled it to the floor. It smashed into a thousand pieces. He stared at the plaster dust, then, with a groan, he turned and lunged out of the office.

Two hours later, Cathie came to see me.

"My action is final," I told her the moment she walked in. "Bartholomew must keep his new nose."

"Good!" she said. "I'm glad of it. Aunt Anne has bossed Bartholomew long enough. We'll get along, somehow." Thanking me for refusing to tamper with Bartholomew's nose, the brave girl left my office. Ah, it's great to be young. . . .

Dr. Resnic sighed. I puffed meditatively on a cigar. "Gallant," I said. "But a bit sad. I suppose they're living in abject poverty?"

The surgeon chuckled. "The first year was tough sailing," he said, "but then the baby came and softened Aunt Anne's heart. Its nose—"

"You don't mean—"

"—was the old Prestwick nose, of course."

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The Trap that Jack Built

Continued from page 13

departments about their tariffs against our goods.

"Now comes the most serious threat of all. Great Britain, after ninety years of free trade, goes over to the protective system. If England had just moved over to a protective system, the situation would be serious enough. But it is only now we begin to understand the grand design behind the new British tariff. It is a matter fraught with the gravest consequences.

"England has had good cause for alarm. For several years her own frontiers have been open to the trade of the world. It has flowed in. But slowly she has seen one country after another follow the example of America and build tariff walls shutting out England's goods. Great Britain is our biggest customer. Her ports have been open to us. But our ports have been closed to her. In 1931 she saw her foreign sales drop off a billion and a half dollars. So in November last year she passed her Abnormal Importations Act, in reality an anti-dumping measure, permitting her ministers to impose on non-Empire importations duties in their discretion up to 100 per cent. A few duties were imposed under this act. But more far-reaching plans were being concerted. In February of this year Parliament passed a general tariff law imposing duties of 10 per cent on all importations except wheat, raw cotton, raw wool and a few other commodities.

We'll Be on the Outside

"We will now see England's wide-reaching and long-ranging plans unfold. She has adopted her tariffs chiefly as a weapon to be used to bargain with other nations. The New York Times printed a dispatch from London in January, ascribed to Mr. Thomas, Secretary of State for Dominions, that England now proposes to use her new tariff to make openings for herself in the tariff walls of other countries.

"First she has her own dependencies, which constitute a large group of nations comprising a fourth of the earth's population. These will all be included in a vast customs union within which there will be comparative free trade. Next, with her own tariffs as a weapon she counts on bringing numerous other countries—chiefly those off the gold standard—to join with her in a series of preferential tariff relations. She will begin with Denmark and the Argentine. Then she will seek to include Holland, Sweden, Egypt and many other countries. The British tariff walls will be opened for those countries which open their walls to her.

"In the end England will create a vast world area of low-tariff nations which will be able to trade among themselves with comparative freedom. Outside—and we will be on the outside—will be another group of nations surrounded with almost impassable tariff walls. The world will be literally divided into two trade camps—low tariff and high tariff. We will be in one of those groups—the high-tariff group.

"In our group, however, the trouble will be that around every nation will be a more or less impenetrable wall. We will not be able to trade with one another. Nor will we be able to penetrate into the other group. For while this group will be free within its own walls, there will be a great impassable wall around it to keep us and the nations in our high-tariff group out.

"If this design succeeds it will automatically remove from our market a large portion of the prosperous nations of the world. It will leave to us only a batch of nations which singly keep us out quite as effectively. It is a matter of profound seriousness and we are doing absolutely nothing about it.

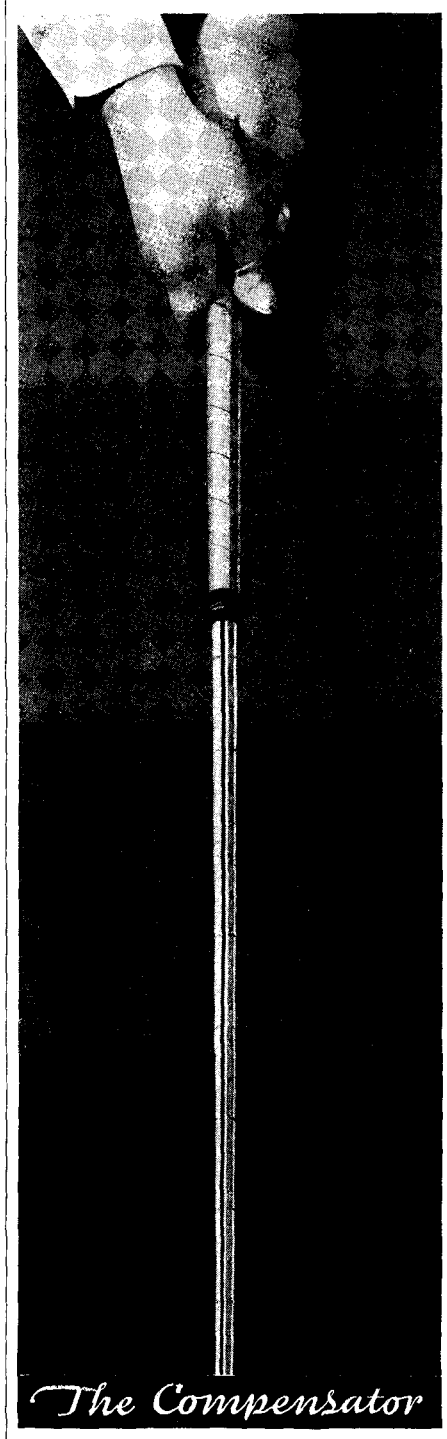
"A part of this movement will be the removal of a considerable portion of our manufacturing plants to other countries. Today Canada—thirtieth in population among the nations of the world—is fifth in foreign trade. The serious thing about this is that a large part of Canada's foreign trade is due to the existence of American plants in Canada. There are today over 1,100 such concerns with factories in Canada, manufacturing goods for export from Canada, and making those goods in factories manned by Canadian workers instead of by our own workers. Why? Because our manufacturers can export from Canada to British dominions at lower tariffs and can get the benefit in other countries of the preferential rates which Canada has negotiated.

"Ten American factories crossed the border into Canada in flight from the tariff mess in the last two months. If England's great plan succeeds the flight

(Continued on page 42)

"Good heavens, my wife!" *Alan Dunn*

GOLF AT ITS FINEST



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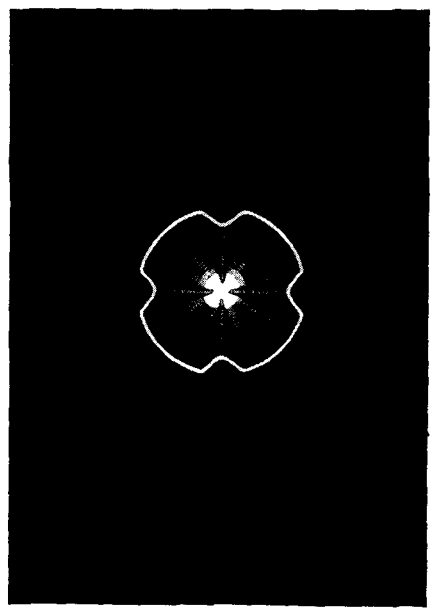

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"I'll tell you why I don't look as well dressed as other husbands!"

"ALL right. I agree I'm no Beau Brummel. And do you know why? It's these shirts you buy me. How can I look well-dressed when the collar points curl up around my ears—or the neckband's as loose as a horse collar? . . . Yes, I know you have to allow for shrinkage. But what happens then? After a couple of launderings, the cuffs come half-way to my elbows and I can't fasten the collar without a button hook. If you want me to look well-dressed, then find me some shirts that really fit—and keep *on* fitting."

* * *

You'll find those shirts, madam, at the store that carries Arrow Shirts. For Arrow Shirts are shrunk by Arrow's own Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—a process that guarantees *permanent* fit, no matter how often the shirt is laundered. A size 15 Arrow Shirt *stays* size 15 throughout its long and honorable career.

And you'll find too, madam, that Arrow Shirts are the best-fitting, best-looking shirts your husband ever wore. Take the collar—the part of a shirt that makes or mars its appearance. The experience gained in making four billion collars gives Arrow Shirts that trim, smart fit about the collar that is the despair of other makers. You can also get Arrow Shirts, neckband style, for starched collars. Try the Arrow Trump, in specially-woven broadcloth, at $1.95. If it hasn't the Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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ARROW SHIRTS SANFORIZED SHRUNK

Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — or your money back

(*Continued from page 41*)

will be infinitely more serious. An English newspaper reports that forty American plants are now negotiating for space in Manchester.

"If England and Canada can make preferential agreements with other nations, why cannot we? In other words, is not the one way out of this difficult situation to enter into a series of reciprocity agreements with other nations?

"We are practically stopped from negotiating any reciprocity treaties with other countries because we are bound, hand and foot, by the so-called 'most-favored nation' treaties which we have with other countries. France makes fine gloves. We need them. She needs our wheat. We could make a reciprocity treaty with France admitting her gloves free or at a low tariff in return for free admission of our wheat. But we have 'an unconditional most-favored nation' treaty with Czechoslovakia, which also makes gloves and which would thus be able to claim the same preferential rate. In whatever direction we turn we meet this obstacle.

Shortsighted Statesmanship

"For this we can thank our State Department in the last ten years. The new treaties made by our State Department are all irrevocable for a number of years. Only last year we made one with Austria which can be terminated only after 1938 and then only after one year's notice. A new treaty with Honduras does not expire until 1938. One with San Salvador must run until 1940. The State Department has fastened upon us 17 such treaties and 38 agreements.

"What, then, can we do about all this? What course should we pursue? Should we lower our tariffs? I predict that the next demand will be for higher tariffs. England and fifteen other nations have gone off the gold standard. This means in effect that our tariff has already been lowered to such countries. Thus an article which England formerly sold to us for a pound we can still buy for a pound. But formerly to get the pound to pay for it we had to spend $4.86. Now we buy the pound for about $3.80. It means a twenty per cent cut in British prices. As a result, American manufacturers are already complaining, already organizing and moving around Washington to demand that we make our tariff rates even higher.

"That movement I think should be resolutely resisted. But on the other hand the situation works out as a great injustice to those countries which have not gone off the gold standard. Our tariff wall is still as high as ever to those countries.

"We cannot lower our tariffs. We must not increase them. We must suffer the tariff inequalities which result from so many countries being off the gold standard. We cannot correct these with reciprocity agreements. We cannot get rid of the treaties.

"What is the way out? Hopeless as it may seem, there is a way out and a way well within our reach. First we must put an end to the policy of tariff boosting. America, which led the world into this intolerable tangle, must now try to find a way to lead the world out of it. Manufacturers, producers, farmers, consumers must say with unmistakable emphasis that, if we cannot lower our tariff, we certainly are not going to permit it to be increased. No more tariff-boosting! That should be our slogan.

"Next we must put an end to the making of 'most-favored nation' treaties designed to kill off reciprocity. Moreover, we must give notice of abandonment of such treaties as fast as possible under their terms.

"Finally, we have got to sit down at the council table with the rest of the world and talk the whole troublesome problem over. We must summon other nations to sit with us in an international economic conference or council and see if, by a policy of give and take, we cannot make a beginning of lowering, along the frontiers of all the nations of the world, the inhospitable walls which now shut out trade, intercourse, good will and good understanding."

The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 21

"Yes, Sir Denis," I said breathlessly.

I came out and stood beside him. A dark shape lay almost at my feet, half-hidden in shadow. I drew back sharply, looking down; and:

"Damned unfortunate, Greville," said Nayland Smith rapidly.

He was standing near the door out of which I had come, a tall, angular figure, flooded by moonlight on the right, but a mere silhouette on the left. He wore a loose black *gibbeh* which I thought I recognized as the property of Ali Mahmoud. He glanced down.

"I used an extemporized sandbag from behind," he explained, "and I'm afraid I hit too hard. Is the other Negro dead?"

"Yes, he dashed his brains out against the wall of the mosque."

"Damnably unfortunate!" Nayland Smith jerked. "I have no personal regrets, but either would have been an invaluable witness. There was a third on the roof of the mosque. His job was to keep a lookout. I missed him twice, but hit him the third time. He managed to get away, nevertheless. But I'm hoping he can't escape from the building."

Dimly, from far below, rose a murmuring of approaching steps and voices. Nayland Smith's shots had awakened the neighborhood.

"Damn it!" he rapped. "If a crowd gathers, it may ruin everything."

He stooped, and removed a loop of that strange, tenuous line from a projection of the ornamental stonework decorating the railing of the balcony.

"Look!" he said, and held it up in the moonlight. "It doesn't seem strong enough to support a kitten. Yet the black murderer and the iron box were swung from window to window upon a carefully judged length of it." He thrust the line into his pocket. "I came prepared for wire," he added grimly, and exhibited an implement which I recognized as part of Sir Lionel's kit: a steel wire-cutter.

"FOR heaven's sake, what is it?" I asked.

Even now, I found difficulty in believing that a line no stouter than sewing thread could carry a man's weight.

"I haven't the slightest idea, Greville. But it's tremendously tough. It took a mighty grip to cut through it. Suspended from this balcony, you see, its length carefully estimated, it enabled one of these acrobatic devils to swing from a window of the mosque right on to a corresponding window of the house opposite. It also enabled him to swing the iron box across. But there's work for us!"

He pushed me before him in his impetuous fashion; and:

"There was a *fourth* in the game, Greville," he added . . . "perhaps a fifth. He, or they, were stationed be-

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hind the window of the mosque. The controlling influence—the man we're looking for—was there!"

I started down the wooden stair, Nayland Smith following hard behind me; until:

"One moment!" he called.

I paused and turned, directing the ray of my light upward. He was fumbling in a sort of little cupboard at the head of the steps, and from it he presently extracted his shoes, and proceeded to put them on, talking rapidly the while:

"It was touch and go when that black devil came up, Greville. I dodged him all around the gallery like a boy dodging around the trunk of a tree! When he made fast the line, on the end of which I could see two large iron hooks, and lowered it, I recognized the method."

HE HAD both his shoes on now, and was busily engaged in lacing them.

"It confirmed my worst suspicions—but this can be discussed later. Having lowered it to its approved length, he swung it like a pendulum—and presently it was caught and held by someone hidden behind a window of the mosque. You will find, I think, that there is a still lighter line attached to the hooks. This enabled the Negro, having swung across from the mosque to the house, to haul the pendulum back until the box was safely disposed of. It was as he swung across in turn that I got busy with the wire-cutter—"

He came clattering down, and:

"Left!" he said urgently—"into the mosque."

I found myself proceeding along that narrow, mysterious passage.

"Light out!"

As I switched the light off, he opened a door. I was looking along a flat roof, silvered by moonlight—the roof of the mosque.

"I hit him just before he reached this door. There's a bare chance he may have left a clue."

"A clue to what?"

A considerable group of people had collected in the street, far below—including, I thought, Armenians from across the river—as many excited voices told me. But I was intent upon the strange business in hand, and:

"*The sound!*" said Nayland Smith; "that damnable, howling sound which was their signal."

No torch was necessary now. The roof was whitely illuminated by the moon. And, stooping swiftly:

"My one bit of luck tonight," he exclaimed. "Look!"

Triumphantly, for I could see his eyes gleaming, he held up an object which at first I was unable to identify, I suppose because it was something utterly unexpected. But presently, recognition came. It was a bone . . . a human frontal bone!

"I'm afraid," I said stupidly, "that I don't understand."

"A *bull-roarer!*" cried Nayland Smith. "Barton can probably throw light upon its particular history."

He laughed. A length of stout twine was attached to the bone, and twisting this about his fingers he swung the thing rapidly round and round, at ever-increasing speed.

The result was uncanny.

I heard again that awesome whining which had heralded the death of van Berg, which I had thought to be the note of some supernatural, nocturnal creature. It rose to a wail—to a sort of muted roar—and died away as the swing diminished. . . .

"One of the most ancient signaling devices in the world, Greville—probably prehistoric in origin. Listen!"

I heard running footsteps, many running footsteps, in the street below—all receding into the distance . . .

Sir Denis laughed again, shortly.

"Our bull-roarer has successfully dispersed the curious natives!" he said.

Dawn was very near when that odd party assembled in the room which we used as an office, the room in which van Berg had died. Nayland Smith presided, looking haggardly tired after his exertions of the night. He paced up and down continuously. The chief stood near the door, shifting from foot to foot in his equally restless fashion. Rima sat in the one comfortable chair and I upon the arm of it.

A Persian police officer who spoke perfect English completed the party.

"Dr. van Berg, as you know," said Sir Denis, "died in this room. I have tried to explain how the murderer gained access. The room being higher than Sir Lionel's, the line used was shorter, but the method was the same. I found fingerprints and footmarks on the roof of the mosque and also on the ledge below these shutters. A man stabbed as van Berg was stabbed bleeds from the mouth; therefore, I found no bloodstains. The Negro was swung across, not from a window, but from the *roof* of the mosque. He employed the same device, having quietly entered, of spraying the head of the sleeper with some drug which so far we haven't been able to identify. It smells like mimosa. Fortunately, a portion remains in the spray upon the dead African, and analysis may enlighten us."

"But Dr. van Berg was stabbed, as I remember?" said the Persian official.

"Certainly!" Nayland Smith snapped. "He had a pair of Caspian kittens sleeping at the foot of his bed. The bed used to stand there, just where you are sitting. They awakened immediately, and in turn awakened him. He must have realized what was afoot, and he sprang straight for the box. It was his first and only thought—for already he was under the influence of the drug. The Negro knifed him from behind."

He pointed to a narrow-bladed knife which lay upon a small table.

"He came provided for a similar emergency tonight. . . . That unhappy mystery, I think, is solved."

"I cannot doubt it," the Persian admitted. "But the strength of this material," touching a piece of the slender, yellow-gray line, "is amazing. What is it?"

"It's silk-worm gut," Sir Lionel shouted. "I recognized it at once. It's the strongest animal substance known. It's strong enough to land a shark, if he's played properly."

"I DON'T agree with you, Barton," Nayland Smith said quietly. "It certainly *resembles* silk-worm gut, but it is infinitely stronger."

Before the chief could reply:

"A very singular business, Sir Lionel," the suave official murmured. "But I am happy to learn that no Persian subject is concerned in this murderous affair."

There was a pause, and then:

"A fourth man was concerned," said Nayland Smith. "He, as well as the third Negro whom I wounded, has managed to get away. Probably there are exits from the mosque with which I am unacquainted?"

"You suggest that the fourth man concerned was one of our subjects?"

"I suggest nothing. I merely state that there *was* a fourth man. He was concealed in a window of the mosque."

"Probably another of these Negroes—who are of a type quite unfamiliar to me. . . ."

"They are Ogboni!" shouted the chief. "They come from a district of the Slave Coast I know well! They're members of a secret voodoo society. You should

(Continued on page 44)

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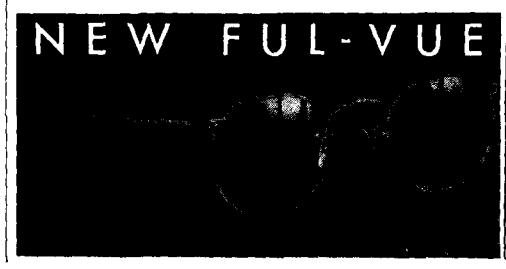

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(Continued from page 43)

read my book, The Sorcerers of Dahomey. I spent a year in their territory. When I saw that bull-roarer there—" he pointed to the frontal bone with the twine attached, which also lay upon the small table—"it gave me the clue. I knew that these West African Negroes were Ogboni. They're active as cats and every bit as murderous. But I agree with Smith that they were working under somebody else's direction."

The Persian official, a dignified and handsome man of forty-odd, wearing well-tailored European clothes, raised his heavy brows and smiled slightly.

"Are you suggesting, Sir Lionel," he asked, "that the religious trouble, which I fear *you* have brought about, is at the bottom of this?"

"I am," the chief replied, glaring at him truculently.

"It's beyond doubt," said Nayland Smith. "The aim of the whole conspiracy was to gain possession of the green box."

The Persian continued to smile.

"And in this aim it would seem that the conspirators have been successful."

"THEY certainly managed to smuggle the box out of the mosque," Nayland Smith admitted grimly, "although one of the pair was wounded, as I know for a fact."

Our visitor stood up.

"Some sort of rough justice has been done," he said. "The actual assassin of your poor friend, Dr. van Berg, has met his deserts, as has his most active accomplice. The green box, I believe, contained valuable records of your recent inquiries in Khorassân. . . ."

His very intonation told me unmistakably that he believed nothing of the kind.

"I feel, Sir Lionel, that this may represent a serious loss to Oriental students—nor can I imagine of what use these records can be to those who have resorted to such dreadful measures to secure them."

The chief clapped his hands and Ali Mahmoud came in. The Persian official stooped and kissed Rima's fingers, shook hands with the rest of us and went out. There was silence for a few moments, and then:

"You know, Barton," said Nayland Smith, pacing up and down rapidly, "Ispahân, though quite civilized, is rather off the map; and frankly—local feeling is against you. I mean this Mokanna movement is going to play hell in Persia if it goes on. As you started it—you're not popular."

"Never have been," growled the chief; "never expect to be."

"Not the point," rapped Smith. "There's going to be worse to come—when they know."

A silence followed which I can remember more vividly than many conversations. Rima squeezed my arm and looked up at me in a troubled way. Sir Denis was not a man to panic. But he had made it perfectly clear that he took a grave view of the situation.

Sir Lionel had fenced with the local authorities throughout, knowing that they could have no official information regarding the relics—since, outside our own party (and now, Captain Woodville and Stratton Jean), nobody but Amîr Khân knew we had found them.

At the cost of one life in our camp and two in their own the enemy had secured the green box . . . but the green box was empty! I knew now why the chief had been so conscience-stricken.

Van Berg had died defending an empty box. . . .

Sir Lionel began to laugh in his boisterous fashion.

"We've scored over them, Smith!" he shouted, and shook his clenched fist. "They had van Berg—but we got a pair of the swine tonight! Topping it all—they've drawn a blank!"

His laughter ceased, and that wonderful, lined old face settled down again into the truculent mask which was the front Sir Lionel Barton showed to the world.

"It's a poor triumph," he added, "to pay for the loss of van Berg."

Nayland Smith ceased his promenade at the window and stood with his back to all of us, staring out.

"I don't know where you've hidden the relics, Barton," he said slowly, "but I may have to ask you to tell me. One thing I do know. This part of the East is no longer healthy for any of us. The second attempt has failed — but the third . . ."

"What are you suggesting?" Sir Lionel growled. "That I give 'em up? Suppose it came to that. Whom am I dealing with?"

Nayland Smith did not turn; but:

"I believe I can tell you," he answered quietly. "It was *experience*, and nothing else, that enabled me to deal with the affair of last night."

He paused, and I found my mind working feverishly. Then, bringing that odd conversation to a dramatic head, came a husky query from Sir Lionel.

"Good God! Smith!" he said. "*He* can't be behind this?"

The emphasis on "he" resolved my final doubt.

"You're not suggesting, Sir Denis," I asked, "that we are up against *Dr. Fu Manchu?*"

Rima clutched me convulsively. Once only had she met the stupendous genius, Dr. Fu Manchu, but the memory of that one interview would remain with her to the end of her days, as it would remain with me.

"If I had had any doubts, Barton," said Nayland Smith, "your identification of the murderer and his accomplice would have settled them. They belong, you tell me, to a secret society on the Slave Coast."

He paused, staring hard at Sir Lionel.

"I believe that there is no secret society of this character, however small or remote, which is not affiliated with the organization known as the Si-Fan. That natives of the Pacific Islands are indirectly controlled by this group, I know for a fact; why not Negroes of West Africa? Consider the matter from another angle. What are natives of the Slave Coast doing in Persia? Who has brought them here?

"They are instruments, Barton, in the hands of a master schemer. For what object they were originally imported we shall probably never know, but their usefulness in the present case has been proved. There can be no association between this West African society and the survivors of the followers of El Mokanna. These Negroes are in the train of some directing personality."

IT WAS morning, and the East is early afoot. Suddenly Sir Denis spoke again:

"If any doubt had remained in my mind, Barton, it would have been removed last night. You may recall that just before the first signal came someone passed slowly along the street below?"

"Yes! I heard him—but I couldn't see him."

"I heard him, too!" I cried. . . .

"I both heard and *saw* him—" Nayland Smith continued—"from my post on the minaret. Action was impossible —*unfortunately*—in the circumstances. But the man who walked along the street last night just before the second attempt on the green box . . . was Dr. Fu Manchu!"

(To be continued next week)

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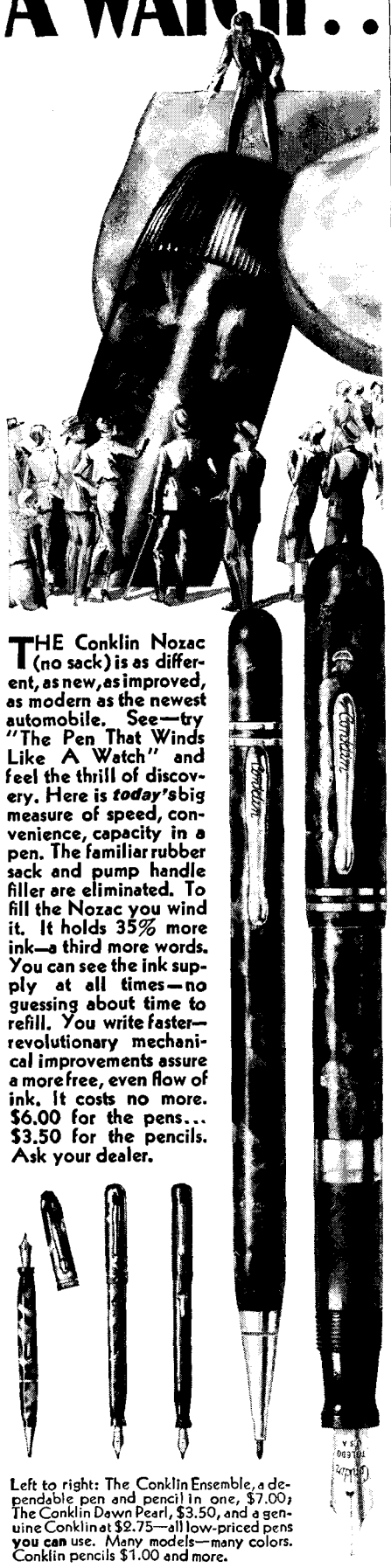

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An Affair of Honor

Continued from page 11

pocket; when he got a thousand, he intended to break away for a few days and sneak in to Rawlins to see Nellie. It'd open her eyes some, a thousand dollars. Back in the old days, there were months upon end when Charlie had not even felt the touch of a twenty-dollar gold piece. But now the money came in plentifully and steadily. After all, he guessed Sledge was right. This was a business.

Suddenly he wondered if that was what killed the thrill for him; if it was too easy. Each night they went forth with the old truck, making speedy progress along unfenced roads until Charlie's keen old nose told of the proximity of a beef herd. Then with Benny and his machine gun covering their advance, the three of them moved into the drowsy herd, where Charlie picked his cattle and Sledge killed them with swift, sure blows, and by means of a block-and-tackle loaded them into the truck.

AFTER that, Omaha led the way to his contacts in Laramie or Cheyenne and the occasional intermediate towns where certain butchers were willing to take risks to procure beef at miserably cheap prices. There was no drama here, little danger.

"Reckon I'd better not tell Nellie just what I'm doin'," Charlie Boss mused at last.

For weeks, the stealing continued. Then one night, as they swung off the road and up a draw, Old Charlie stumbled to his feet in the rear of the rocking truck and staggered to the three men wedged in the driver's seat.

"Boys!" he called above the roar of the vehicle, "turn back! I saw a horseman!"

Benny shut off the engine and snapped out the lights.

"Saw what?"

"A fellow on horseback. On that last hill—he was keeping pace with us."

Sledge had been staring out of the side of the car.

"Can't see nothing on a night like this."

"I can!" snapped Old Charlie. "I was born at night."

"Oh, shut up." Benny eased away from the wheel. "Sledge, you drive. The old guy's nuts. But we might as well be ready."

He climbed over the seat then, and bent beside the case which contained the sub-machine gun. His flashlight gleamed. Sledge started the truck again.

"Don't you worry, Grandpa," said Benny. "You never saw nothin'."

Onward they went, at last to reach their objective. Old Charlie stepped forth, slowly to approach a drowsing herd. Suddenly he wheeled and ran for the car.

"Quick!" he commanded. "He's there, laying for us."

Instantly a form moved from the herd, the rider straightening in his saddle. "Hold on there, fellows!" came the drawl of a cowman.

Charlie Boss ducked for the rear of the truck, suddenly sick with the knowledge of what was happening. There had come a staccato series of flames, and the clatter of firing—Benny, crazed with excitement, had swung the machine gun into action; its vicious spray cut a deadly line across the approach of the horseman. Charlie Boss heard the snorting outcry of a horse, and the thud of a heavy body. Then the truck swung in a swift circle and headed for the main road. The old outlaw lurched to his feet.

"Damn you!" he shouted at the cowering Benny, deep in the car with his machine gun cradled in his arms.

"What you squawking about?" the gunner asked. "I only mowed down his horse."

Old Charlie turned and stared back. Dimly his owl-like eyes discerned a form against the night sky, running up the hill.

"Even a horse is too good for you to kill!" he growled, and staggered back to his place against the tailboard of the truck. Something within him had gone weak and sick. The ruthlessness of that machine gun, the unfairness of its sweeping spray; slowly his old hands went to the guns at his belt, touching them gently as if to apologize for the company in which they now found themselves. Then suddenly Charlie Boss'

(Continued on page 46)

"Your Honor, a few of the jurymen would like to know if the defendant boiled the malt one or two hours"
Louis Priscilla

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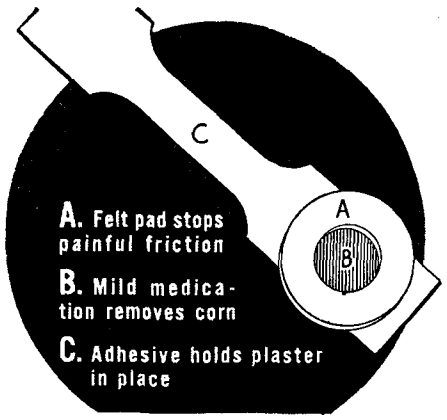

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(Continued from page 45)

head set and his jaw slackened. What would Nellie think of him if she knew he was mixed up with a crowd like this?

He tried to efface it—he could not. He knew himself for a jackal, and the companion of jackals. Equally he knew there was nothing he could do about it.

They reached the lonely camp by the North Platte. There they remained for ten days, three of them craven and nervously watchful, Old Charlie stalking about silently. They were safe here. At noon of the eleventh day Benny Jarvis said:

"Grandpa, nobody'll pay any attention to an old man like you. Sneak into town and get us some grub."

"If there's anybody that's got the innards to drive me there," said Charlie Boss coldly. They had eaten their last strip of bacon that morning.

It brought argument and quarreling. At last, moving on side roads, the old truck went forth with Sledge at the wheel; he had agreed to wait in the willows at the edge of town. Charlie Boss sat beside him, silent and austere. Somehow it cleansed him a bit to know that he could disregard the remarks of the man beside him. But his shoulders lost their straightness when Sledge snarled, over the bawl of the motor:

"Listen, Old Scout of the Plains, don't try no rat stuff in this village. You're in it just as much as we are."

The breath whistled between Old Charlie's teeth. To be called a rat—miserably he realized that by association, at least, he deserved the title.

"I know how to keep my mouth shut," he said at last. Then in the willows he silently left the truck and walked into town. One by one he made his purchases, suddenly to halt, his arms loaded, in front of a pool hall. Three men knelt in the dust at the other side of the street which he had just crossed, studying something in the dust. One of them, who wore a star, reached forward, pointing. Old Charlie straightened. His eyes narrowed. Then suddenly he knew—the print of his ancient high heels, queerly turned from long wear—the same marks which he knew he had left behind up there on the hill where a machine gun had clattered.

CHARLIE swung swiftly. The pool-hall door was open; he ducked within and ran through, swerving out the back door and down the alley. One by one, as he went, he discarded his packages; he was old now, his breath no longer pulled full and free into his aged lungs. He forgot that he was leaving a trail; he only knew he must reach that truck; the law followed him; hateful as his companions might be, they were at least a ragged fringe of an outlawry to which he had given a lifetime allegiance.

At last he reached the truck and leaped into the seat, gasping his news to the white-faced Sledge. Gears whined, the exhaust barked with sudden acceleration. An hour later they turned off the main road. But as Old Charlie looked back, he saw far behind him a speeding car.

"They saw us turn in," he snapped to Sledge. "Got to go as far as we can—then hit out on foot."

But at camp the pasty, hawklike features of Benny Jarvis became wizened with desperation.

"Go where?" he snarled. "How long would I last at that sort of thing?"

"An' me?" asked Omaha. "I never was no good walkin'."

Sledge crawled from behind the wheel.

"Yeah, stand here an' jaw!" he chattered. "Wait for 'em to come up an' fold us in. Do you think our luck's goin' to hold again? Yeah, it will! We'll burn for that Buffalo job!"

"Cut that out!" Omaha begged. His face had become a grayish yellow.

Charlie Boss moved for the bluff.

"We got to get going!" he commanded. "Whether you like it or not. Cattle stealin's somethin' in this state."

The others scrambled behind him, Benny Jarvis trying to protect the machine gun from the dust; he had again cradled it in his arms. Omaha and Sledge pawed at intervals toward ugly automatics slung in their breast holsters. Only Old Charlie disregarded his guns, and took pride in the fact. A queer look of contempt came into his wrinkled eyes as he looked back at them. They made the top of the bluff. Old Charlie started onward. Benny hissed at him:

"Come back here, you old fool. We ain't goin' on."

"Not goin' on—they'll get us sure here!"

SLEDGE had taken a position beside a giant boulder, Omaha near by, watching the road. He called softly:

"They're turnin' in! Looks like there's about five of 'em in the car."

Old Charlie returned to them.

"We got to keep goin'," he commanded. But Benny had bent to a final inspection of his machine gun.

"Oh, yeah?" he asked between his teeth. "We'll start goin' after 'while."

"That'll be too late!"

"Yeah? For them!"

Old Charlie's eyes centered.

"Just what do you mean?" he asked coldly. Benny forced his blue lips into a straight-lined smile.

"I mean they ain't got no place to come up this bluff but right here. They've got to bunch up to do that. You ain't dumb, are you?"

"They're still comin'," whispered Butch.

Benny Jarvis went to his knees, half-crawling to a point of vantage.

"Let 'em come," he said thinly. "You guys knock off anybody that stays below. I'll fan down the main bunch." He glared up at Charlie Boss. "Well, get hold of them old crowbars—or have you just been spillin' a bunch of bull?"

Charlie Boss lowered his shaggy head.

"Goin' to potshot 'em, eh?" he asked. "Not even let 'em draw?"

"Draw hell!" Benny snapped off the safety, ran a hand over the blued steel of the ugly-barreled gun and licked his lips. Then he snarled: "Get them guns out."

The hands of Charlie Boss pulled slowly up to his sides, the fingers extended like hooked talons. He glanced over his shoulder; the posse automobile was wallowing through a stretch of bog only a hundred yards away.

"Put that thing down," Charlie commanded. He jerked his head toward the machine gun. Benny grinned, a broken, twisting grin.

"What's eatin' you, Columbus?"

"I don't stand for nothin' but a fair fight!"

"Oh, no?" asked Benny, and writhed to bring the gun into firing position. Instantly the claw-like hands of Charlie Boss leaped to their holsters; the speed of them was streaking; they blurred with action as they jerked the two long guns from their resting places. There was a short half-arc, followed instantly by a double explosion, mingling with that of a rattling discharge from the machine gun which clattered for only a single harmless burst before it fell useless to the ground. Benny had jerked eerily. There was a blue hole in his forehead and a gaping wound in his neck. He spun about and crumpled, his head doubling eerily under one shoulder. Old Charlie whirled.

"Come on, you coyotes!" he shouted, and fired as Omaha raised from behind the shelter where Sledge still cowered. A scream of pain came from the lanky man; his automatic pistol spun high out of his bullet-crushed hand and clattered over the ledge of the bluff. Whimpering, he swerved outward, as if to run. Old Charlie bent forward, aimed quickly, and followed the hit of the bullet with steady eyes. Omaha plunged to the ground, rolling in agony. He screamed anew:

"Don't kill me! Don't kill me!"

Charlie Boss turned contemptuously away; pausing only to call over a shoulder:

"I shot you in the fat of a leg; will that kill you?"

Then he faced the boulder from which aimless shots had come from the badly aimed automatic of Sledge Siewitz. One had torn a hole in Charlie's sleeve, another had creased his left cheek. He did not even feel the burn of it.

For he was no longer Old Charlie. He was young Charlie, fresh from the back of a horse, his heart pounding to the knowledge that life was being matched with life, in a fight against odds. He stood in the open; Sledge remained behind the shelter of the rock. It only gave the bandit the more strength, more daring.

"Come out," he shouted. "Come out, you yellow, sneaking coyote! Going to murder a posse, were you?"

There was no movement from the rock, only the sound of heavy, excited breathing. Charlie Boss began a slow progress closer.

"Going to hide up here and shoot 'em down with their back turned, eh? Well, shoot at a man who faces you!"

There was a slight sound of whispering from the edge of the bluff. Charlie did not hear it. He had forgotten that the automobile had hurried forward and stopped below, and that men had sprung from it at the sound of shooting. Old Charlie only knew that behind the rock cowered a despised being, hateful enough to make this old man defend laws which he had defied for a lifetime.

"Come out!" he roared. "Or I'll come get you!"

It was suicidal. But he had forgotten self. He started forward; he fired as the top of Sledge's hat showed above the rock, driving the killer back into hiding. He shot again when the blue of steel began to creep around the side of the boulder. Then suddenly he halted, aghast. As if they had arisen from the ground, three men had appeared at the edge of the bluff—with rifles and revolvers; men in wide-brimmed hats, who nodded him back. Then two others appeared at a different point of vantage. Someone shouted:

"You behind that rock. Push up those hands!"

Then Charlie realized. It was the posse. They had crept up the hill—he was caught, just as Sledge was caught and Omaha, whimpering where he had fallen.

Slowly he turned and, with a fillip, turned his guns until their handles extended outward. He faced the sheriff.

"It's the first time in my life I ever turned 'em over," he said huskily.

SOME time later Charlie Boss sat stiffly in the warden's office at Rawlins. Beside him, with her hand touching his, was Nellie, overdressed and nervous. The warden reached for the telephone and called his ranch.

"Hello, honey," he said. "Just talked to the governor again in Cheyenne. He says I'm absolutely right about the whole thing—it's all being fixed up this afternoon. Say," he added, "you'd better run over to the cabin and see if Martha put enough dishes and stuff in it. Huh? Good!"

He turned from the telephone, regarding the waiting pair.

"Well, you two," he announced. "Suppose we go on out? My wife says everything's all ready."

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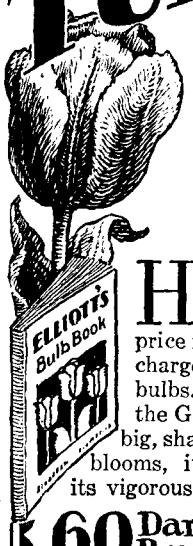

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The All-and-All Woman

Continued from page 17

The winches screeched and the stage nose hit the bank.

"Shake hit fast," called the driver. "Git dem fo' boxes off and le's git goin'! No mind wid dat headline. Us ain't hyar long enough to tie up!"

Music to Bugaboo's ears. Perhaps the boat would land and pull out and Mattie Sue wouldn't know anything about it—

"Oh, darlin', I been *so* lonesome—" It was Mattie Sue. She stepped from behind a big oak tree. She was all smiles and twists, and she was dressed within an inch of her life, including solid red high-heeled shoes, a red dress and a red ribbon in her hair. "I thought dat mean ole boat wa'n't never comin' back. But I jest waited, and I be dog efn hit didn't."

"Unh," grunted Bugaboo. "Hit sho did! And you was right hyar when de boat got in."

"Don't you know hit!" declared Mattie Sue, with enthusiasm. "Wid my suitcase all packed up. Ready to travel wid my big ole man!"

Bugaboo fumbled awkwardly for something else to say. "You sho was," he managed finally.

AT THAT moment the bell tapped to signal that all was ready for pulling out. Bugaboo turned to trot down the plank but, as he turned, Mattie Sue stuck out the suitcase and, without thinking, the rouster grabbed it, slammed it up on top of his head and paced down the stage. Mattie Sue followed.

"Ow," she squealed, "s'posin' I falls offn dis thing and gits drowned?"

"Well, jest s'posin'," grumbled Bugaboo, and he trotted on down to the boat.

The boat pulled out. Mattie Sue definitely was riding down the river with Bugaboo Jones. As the boat headed downstream he couldn't see a thing but Mattie Sue and her suitcase.

"Gal," he said, half threatening, half pleading, "whar you think you's goin', sho 'nuff?"

"N'Awlins, baby," replied Mattie Sue with disarming certainty. "I been wantin' to go down to N'Awlins for I don't know how long."

A faint glimmer of hope flashed in Bugaboo's mind. "You got people in N'Awlins?"

Mattie Sue giggled coquettishly. "I ain't got only you, son, but you's a heap."

Presently the cook's helper brought down supper. There were fourteen roustabouts on board, and fourteen tin plates and tin cups were included in the huge boiler, with plenty of food heaped in big pans for fourteen hard-working men. It was not until they were half through eating that it occurred to Bugaboo that Mattie Sue had a pan and cup, and was eating with the rest. It struck him as very unusual that a roustabout should be absent at mealtime, but he was too busy with his own huge pile of cabbage and a big tin cup of hot coffee to pay much attention.

After supper, however, when he went to his choice spot on the forward deck to lie down in the warm night air to settle his meal, he realized who the missing roustabout was. Instead of Iron Man's low moaning song, that was so soothing to him, he heard Mattie Sue's chatter. Iron Man was missing!

He got to his feet hurriedly. "Wait a minute," he told Mattie Sue. "I got to see a man."

Mattie Sue whimpered. "You goin' off and leave me, darlin'? On dis ole boat, all my myse'f?"

"You jest wait to I gits back," Bugaboo told her.

"Nawp," objected Mattie Sue. "De last man which told me to wait to he got back ain't got back yit."

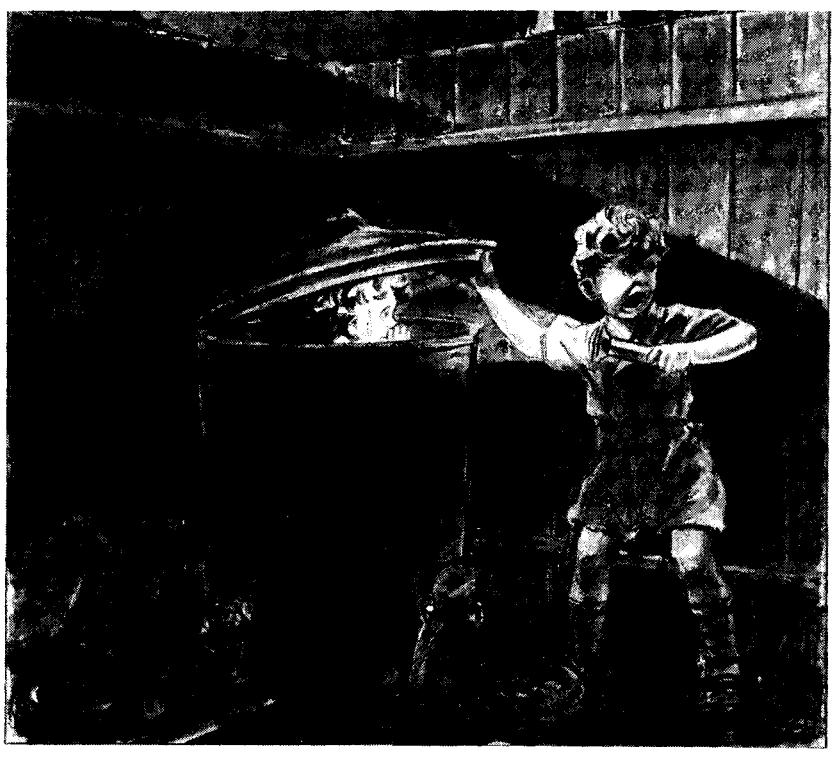
"You wait, like I tells you." There was stern authority in Bugaboo's voice and Mattie Sue changed her tactics.

"Aw, sweetenin'," she protested, "us ain't hardly mo'n married up together, and you fixin' to run off and leave me—"

"Married up?" demanded Bugaboo. "Gal, you's a fool efn you thinks I'm married up wid you!"

"Well, do help us!" supplicated Mattie Sue. "De man denyin' his own wife, befo' he's hardly married up to her!" It simply was unbelievable and Mattie Sue refused to believe it.

(Continued on page 48)



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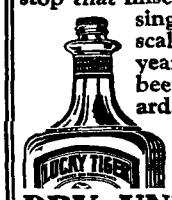

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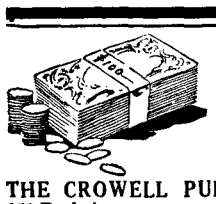

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(Continued from page 47)

Her words upset Bugaboo's confidence. He knew he wasn't married, and yet—

"Co'se I ain't married wid you," he declared. "Engaged to git married, maybe, but not married. 'Cause, gal, you know good as me hit takes mo'n jest tawkin' like us done to git married up."

"Sho hit do, darlin'," Mattie Sue admitted, "and"—triumphantly—"what hit takes mo' of I'm all broke out wid."

With a feverish, if confident, hurry she opened the clasp on her suitcase and took out a small picture frame. She caught Bugaboo by the arm and led him to the light by the boiler. "Hyar what hit takes," she told him, pointing to the picture frame.

BUGABOO looked. In the frame under a glass cover was a very official-looking piece of paper with a huge red-and-gold seal in the lower left corner. Bugaboo was not convinced.

"Baby," Mattie Sue said with a finality that brooked no doubting questions, "you's gazin' at de purtiest pair er cou'thouse marriage licenses de law ever turned out! They's got de natchal words er de law all writ out on 'em, and son, *I knows* yo' skin is too dark to deny de natchal word er de law. Niggers jest don't *do* dat in Arkansas. Nor neither Louisiana, f'm what I hyars."

"Unh!" Bugaboo felt as though somebody had hit him in the pit of the stomach with a sledge hammer.

"Well, Mattie Sue," he said, "I ain't never yit was a man to argy wid de law, and I reckon you got me dat time."

"Ain't you sort er glad, baby?" Mattie Sue was as alluring as she knew how to be, but Bugaboo was not in the frame of mind for being allured.

"I got to go see a man," he said abruptly. "You wait hyar to I gits back."

He wandered all over the main deck in a vain search. He went to the boiler deck with no more success. Then, poking his head above the hurricane deck, he heard in the quiet of the night that unmistakable lonesome wail from Iron Man's harmonica. Iron Man was lying flat in a *bateaux* lifeboat, breathing soft sorrow into his harp.

"Iron Man?" blurted Bugaboo.

"Don't say hit," Iron Man urged. "I seed her on de bank so I hid out up hyar. I jest couldn't stand to see her lovin' nobody else but me, and I can't stand her lovin' me."

"But she on de boat," insisted Bugaboo.

"Makes me no diffunce," said Iron Man, dolefully. "She on my poor heart, too."

"Hit makes me some diffunce," snorted Bugaboo. "Dat nappy-haided somethin' hemmed me up and married me befo' I c'd get in a word edgeways."

"Yeah," sighed Iron Man, "she do's like dat. She liable to marry up wid anybody. I learnt dat about her." His voice dripped tears. "But," he added, "I didn't learn hit to I went and paid three dollars and fo' bits for a pair er cou'thouse licenses—"

At the mention of the courthouse license, Bugaboo quailed. "She married me wid a pair er licenses, too," he said painfully.

Iron Man sat straight up. "She did, hunh?" he demanded. "Did you see 'em?"

"Sho I seed 'em," Bugaboo said. "Dey was all framed in a pitcher frame."

"Wid a big fancy ribbon and a big dab er gold all knotted up down in de cornder?"

"How come you know?" asked Bugaboo.

Iron Man was on his feet and walking toward the main deck before he answered. "I," he said over his shoulder to Bugaboo, "am de man which worked three days and a ha'f at a dollar a day to buy dat pair er licenses." And he hurried on, with Bugaboo at his heels.

When they got to the main deck, Iron Man walked up to Mattie Sue and without ceremony snatched the framed document from her hands.

"Gimme!" he said, roughly.

"Mind out," warned Mattie Sue, "grabbin' things outn my hand, my big ole husband'll break yo' neck."

"Which husband?" demanded Iron Man. "Yo' first or yo' last?"

Something in Iron Man's words and in his voice seemed strangely familiar to Mattie Sue. She fumbled in her mind for a full minute before recollection was complete, but when it was complete she was not in the least abashed.

"Aw," she said, "you's Horace, ain't *you? I swear, Horace,* whar you been at—?"

"No mind whar I been at," Iron Man stormed. "You runned off f'm me wid another man, and I'd a said good ruddance, *only you stole my licenses.*"

"But, Horace, hit ain't nice to live wid no man onless you lawfully married—"

"Wid my licenses which I paid three-and-a-ha'f for? Gal, you's dead wrong."

Mattie Sue whined a little. "But, Horace," she insisted, "you ain't usin' 'em now, and you might jest as well loan 'em to me and dat big ole man I'm married up to now."

Bugaboo fidgeted. "You's all whole now, ain't you, Iron Man?" he asked. "Well, you better not loan her dem things efn you wants to stay whole. Man, I'd break yo' neck efn you loaned her dem things."

With a tired swing of his arm Iron Man pitched the license, seal, frame and all, into the river.

"Now," he said with finality.

Bugaboo grinned. Mattie Sue whimpered.

"Aw, Horace darlin'—" she began, but Iron Man caught her gruffly. "Don't 'aw, Horace,' me," he told her. "You better git yo' bundle and git ready to hit de bank de next time dis boat stop."

"I can't git off at night," Mattie Sue protested tearfully.

"Well, efn de river don't run you off, hit'll be daylight tomorrow, and you kin git off den. Hit makes me no diffunce."

He walked away abruptly, Bugaboo following.

The two rousters climbed to the hurricane deck and lay down, side by side. Iron Man was silent. Bugaboo went to sleep.

After an hour or more the whistle blew for the landing at Moro Bay. Bugaboo and Iron Man walked to the *forward hurricane deck.*

"What go off hyar?" Iron Man called below to the driver.

"Two sacks er meal and a woman," the driver told them. "Y'all needn't come down."

THE landing was brief. Two men carried off the sacks and Mattie Sue walked off, lugging her own suitcase. Iron Man and Bugaboo watched until the plank was hoisted and the boat got under way. Then they went below in silence and lay down upon the main deck.

"Moro Bay," Iron Man explained sadly, "is whar dat nigger lives whar she runned off f'm me to. Dat de way dat sweet thing do me."

"Sweet, hunh?" Bugaboo was slightly sarcastic but Iron Man failed to notice it.

"One er God's own sunburnt sugar lumps," he said. Then, a minute later: "What was dat fool song you was singin' about workin' all de summer and fall, huntin' for yo' All-and-All? Lemme see kin I blow dat song on my harp."

And he did, but Bugaboo didn't hear it, for Bugaboo had fallen asleep.

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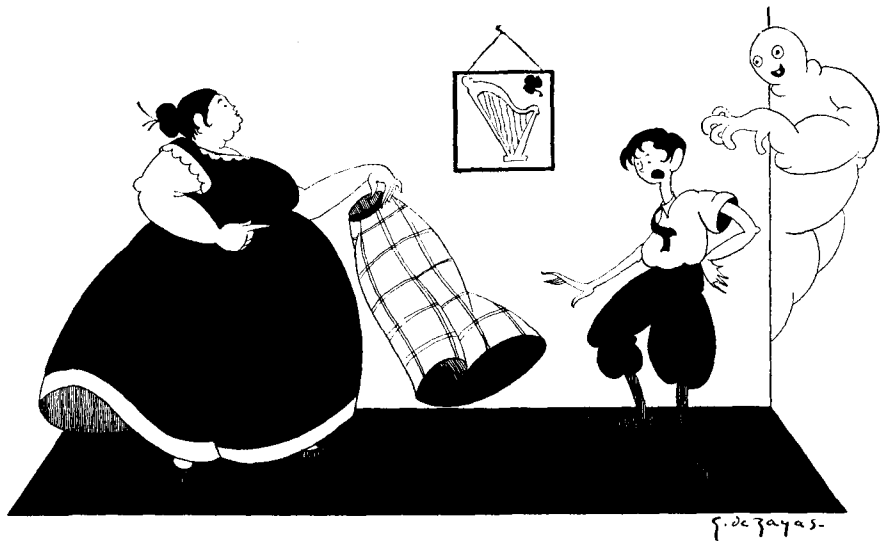

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In Ireland today, the age-old belief that spirits steal little boys, not girls, still is so strongly intrenched in the minds of many rural families that they disguise their sons in petticoats until they are well into their teens.

Mexico City policemen, when able to speak an extra language or two, for the benefit of tourists wear small flags of other countries. Those speaking English wear British, not American, flags.—*By A. M. Smith, San Diego, California.*

Afghanistan is one of the few countries today in which criminals still are executed by slow torture. They are locked in tiny cages, strung up on high poles and left to starve to death.

The native women of Alaska, who soften the finest sealskins for the market by chewing them for hours, wear down their teeth to the gums in about a year and have to find a new kind of job.

The King of England is never permitted to make a public speech until it has been read and approved by the British Home Office.—*By A. W. Robertson, London, England.*

Inventions: A device which automatically dials your telephone numbers for you; pressure tools such as riveters which employ the explosive force of gunpowder; and a machine, using a photo-electric cell, which sets type by itself from typewritten copy.

Being frozen in ice for a limited time does not kill such cold-blooded animals as snakes, lizards, fishes, frogs, toads, salamanders, insects, snails and worms.

During the past decade, only one out of every 1,200 major-league baseball games has been won by a no-hit pitching performance.—*By P. G. Chilton, Eminence, Missouri.*

Many safe-deposit vault doors now are being made of a metal which, produced after 75 years' scientific research, is able to resist the oxy-acetylene gas torch, the electric furnace and high explosives and drills.

European trends: Germany now has a singing and talking school for canaries and parrots; Czechoslovakia now has roads made of glass; and England has a large society of women mice fanciers that holds annual exhibitions and awards prizes for unusual specimens which are sometimes valued at more than $200.

Since the beginning of history, there have been wars between nations going on somewhere in the world on an average of 12 out of every 13 years.—*By Rita Silver, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

A Calcutta scientist has developed an electrical device which records in chart form the life pulsations of sensitive plants and their reactions to ether, chloroform and poison.

The North and South Polar Regions are in almost complete contrast. The Arctic contains about 1,000,000 inhabitants and has much plant and animal life, and a three months' summer with rain. The Antarctic, being much colder, is only a vast field of ice without life—except moss and an insect which lives but a few days each year.

Great Britain, in all its criminal history, has no record of a case of kidnapping for ransom.—*By W. H. Bradfield, Chicago, Illinois.*

In certain species of the oyster, only males are born. After one or two years, however, they may and usually do become females.

The Netherlands, with 38 per cent of its land below sea level, is the only country today that has to protect itself from the ocean with dikes, which must be kept in repair by crews working day and night. One great dike, at Westkapelle, requires such expensive maintenance that it has so far cost more than if it had been made originally of solid silver.

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Loose Laws

IF YOU have any doubts concerning the necessity of revising the entire crazy-quilt body of laws under which the Veterans Bureau is now expending annually a billion dollars, consider these facts from the Congressional Record:

A lawyer employed by the Veterans Bureau is paid a salary of $9,000 a year and also draws $187.50 a month as retirement pay for military service.

He entered the Army on October 29, 1918, thirteen days before the Armistice, as a captain in the Sanitary Corps. At the time the examining board reported he was "physically disqualified and incapacitated for service and that he lacked knowledge and experience."

This pension of $187.50 is not compensation for dangers experienced in France. It is merely money which an alert man is able to obtain from the government. The only possible excuse for such expenditures, and there are many similar cases, is that the loosely drawn laws make them possible.

Congress can find no greater opportunity for honest economy than in squeezing political parasites out of the Veterans Bureau. This must be done by rewriting the laws. The present statutes invite abuse and inevitably result in a shocking waste of public funds.

What, no Statue?

CALIFORNIA has just discovered that she is the only state in the Union without a single public monument to George Washington. Her chagrined sons are alert to defend the state against charges of a grave sin of omission—until money and a statue can be raised.

No sane American questions the loyalty of California or Californians to the memory of Washington. Yet many who cherish the finest ideals of patriotism will regret that California, having uncovered her unique record, seeks to undo it at once. If she would pause to take second thought she might appreciate her opportunity to demonstrate that symbols are not necessary to tradition, that statues are not the most intelligent expression of reverence; and that a truly great man leaves a sufficient image in our minds. "A man's mind," said Kipling, "is apt to tell him more than seven watchmen sitting in a tower!"

Science takes Command

DOCTORS are not better or brainier than other men. By and large, physicians are just as inclined to smoke too much, eat too much, drink too much as are the rest of us. They are not better sons, husbands, or fathers.

Yet if you balance the books of the events of the last fifty years and write down the lasting achievements of this half century, you will find the medical men not far from the top of your list.

Take that man Robert Koch, for example. He was an obscure physician practicing in a small town in eastern Germany fifty years ago. Then he did something of far more value to the human race than anything credited to Bismarck, the old Kaiser or to any of the other powerful and illustrious men of his time.

We remember Koch now as the man who isolated the germ of tuberculosis. This was just one of his great accomplishments. Out of his laboratories, established in Berlin after he had shown his power, came the discoveries of the causes of cholera, typhoid fever, diphtheria, erysipelas, tetanus, pneumonia and other diseases.

When Koch began, life was almost as unsafe as it had been twenty centuries before and the crowding of people into the growing cities intensified the danger. The death rate in Prussia was twice what it is today. In England and the United States sanitary conditions were little better. Tuberculosis was everywhere prevalent. It blighted the lives of children, of adolescents, and especially of young adults. It disrupted families and spread poverty and misery everywhere.

Today we live in a totally different world. The infectious diseases have one after another come under control. Cholera, typhoid fever, diphtheria, septicemia of childbirth, have either been entirely eliminated or have been largely checked.

The death rate from tuberculosis is less than a quarter as high as it was fifty years ago. As a result of the new knowledge of disease, nearly twenty years have been added to the expectation of life.

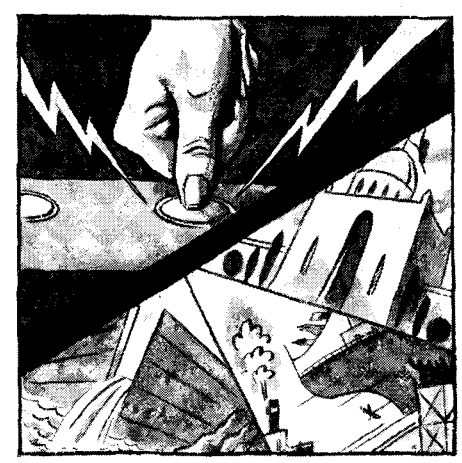
Inspiring as is this conquest of disease, the saving of tens of millions of lives and the prevention of incalculable suffering, there is today an added meaning for us in this medical triumph.

Disease was conquered when it was understood. The doctors demonstrated the practical value of science in attacking human problems.

We have scarcely begun to use science in our efforts to deal with our social and economic difficulties. They are now handled as disease was treated in the years before scientific inquiry blazed the road to understanding. Medicine, of course, hasn't learned all there is to know but doctors have learned to use science.

We shall come to that. The politician and the business man of the future will have to adapt the methods of science to social and economic affairs. Prohibition, business organization, the various issues of finance and trade, periods of depression and of prosperity—all these cry aloud for the kind of dispassionate inquiry, understanding and treatment which science renders possible.

Millions are alive and well today because a half-century ago intelligent physicians substituted science for tradition and opinion. Other millions of the future will look back to the pioneers who first apply science to our social problems and who prove that safety exists in sound understanding.



Push-button History

THE push button is exceeding the pen as a writer of modern history. A king flicks a finger in London, thereby closing the sluice gates of a dam which will make fertile and habitable a distant desert of the empire. That's social history. An admiral in San Diego touches a button and far out in the Pacific a crewless battleship changes its course. That's military history.

A statesman in Europe presses a button and in the Argentine a trades exposition is opened. That's commercial history. A dictator in Moscow pushes a button and dynamos whirr in the Ukraine. That's industrial history.

And now, President Hoover touches a push button on his desk in Washington and a bottle of champagne is broken over the prow of the Santa Rosa, a great new American liner, in Camden, New Jersey.

That, let us hope, will make moral history—after it has been demonstrated that an American ship may be born with this stigma of original sin and yet have a felicitous career.

Politics in Novgorod

IN THEIR effort to create a new world the Russians are learning something important about human nature as well as about industrial enterprise.

Recently the Nizhni Novgorod motor factory was closed soon after it had been opened. The Communist party found that the local union had so interfered with the management that no one had clearly defined responsibility.

And so the authorities decided to remove the labor leaders and to put an end to such disastrous interference with work. They were looking for production, not conversation.

American factories, German factories, British factories could have told the Russians what to expect. Two men cannot simultaneously drive a motor car, and certainly an undirected mob cannot manage a factory efficiently.

Like the Russians, we, too, are finding difficulty in making our cherished theories square with stubborn facts. We shall improve our situation as we amend our principles to meet the facts. For principle which doesn't work is a poor refuge in time of need.

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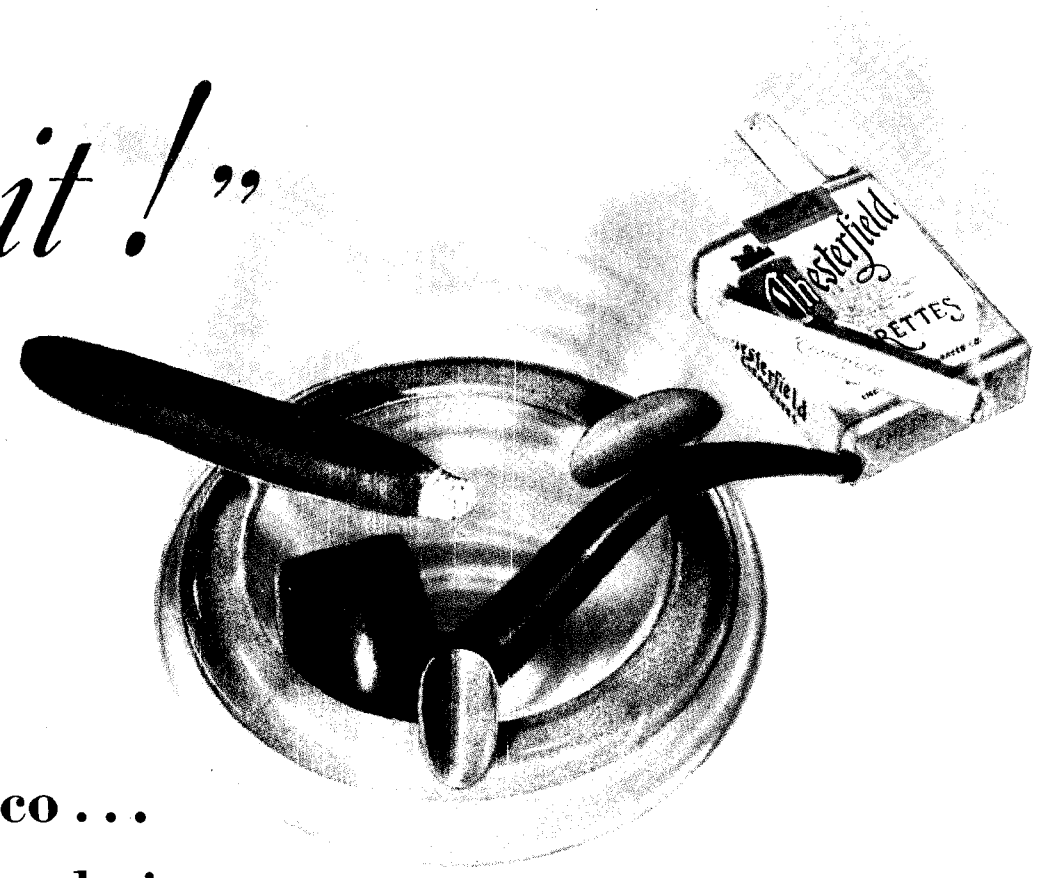
"I'll stand by it!"



"I'll stand by tobacco...
in good times, in hard times...
all kind of times...it helps a whole lot!

"I grew up with tobacco. Mostly I smoke cigarettes now—but I've smoked plenty of cigars, and pipes, too. And I never got anything but good from tobacco in any form—pipe, cigar, or cigarette—and that goes for every smoker I ever heard about.

"Why, I remember as a boy, way back, how the old folks in the fall used to pick and cure tobacco from a little patch they'd raised, and save out the best for their own smoking. And my father fought all through the war, and lived to be ninety.

"He'd certainly appreciate what we get today, though. Just think about these Chesterfields of mine—fine tobaccos from all over the world, and cured and blended just so; you couldn't get anything purer or milder. Cleanest factories you ever saw, too—never a hand touching the cigarettes...everything up to date.

"A big improvement over the old ways...reckon that's why I like Chesterfields so much. I notice most of my friends get a lot of pleasure out of them, too.●

"But what I started out to say was, you can always depend on tobacco, no matter how things are going. Probably there was never anything in the world that meant so much to so many people, and cost so little, as tobacco—whatever way they smoke it.

"Yes, sir—I'll stand up for tobacco as long as I can strike a match!"

• • •

"MUSIC THAT SATISFIES"

Mondays and Thursdays, Boswell Sisters. Tuesdays and Fridays, Alex Gray. Wednesdays and Saturdays, Ruth Etting. Shilkret's Orchestra, every night except Sunday. Columbia Network.

● NOTE. In the sections where tobacco grows and where people know tobacco, Chesterfield is usually the largest-selling cigarette.

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